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Choice Poetry.

LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light:
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills! where cool and sweet
Thy sunset waters lie!*

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle, and reach, and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away
Below, the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown
Of old the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the smile of God.*
To Him, of light and shade the laws
No forest skeptic taught;
Their living and eternal Cause
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light,
Which now across them shines,
This lake, in Summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pines.
God near him seemed; from earth and skies
His loving voice he heard,
As face to face in Paradise
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, oh, our Father! that like him
Thy smile of love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim
And tinted sunset sea.
For not in mockery dost Thou fill
Our earth with light and grace,
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
Behind Thy smiling face!

* Winnipiseogee; i. e., "Smile of the Great Spirit."

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

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CHAPTER XII.

HAGAR.

"The wild sparkle of her eye seemed caught
From high—and lightened with electric thought—
—And pleased not her the sports that please her age."
Byron.

Let me pass briefly over the events of the next few years. Four or five weeks of solemn merry-making, dull dinners, and duller evening parties completed the wedding festivities of the minister.—An agreeable change had passed over the appearance of the minister—his countenance had lost somewhat of its gloom—his manners of their austerity, and his tones their hard curtness. Sophie's demeanor revealed the sober cheerfulness befitting a clergyman's bride. Raymond accompanied them everywhere, and everywhere was the delicate beauty and gentle grace and pensive air of the boy admired. Little Hagar also accompanied them. Sophie and Hagar had been so united—her care and attention had been so exclusively devoted to Hagar, that now that another claimed a larger share of her time and thoughts, and now that she felt the keen eyes of the sprite-like child jealously following her every motion closely, she loved Hagar with a remorseful tenderness—strange but natural. Mothers sometimes feel the same for the children to whom they have given even a good and beloved step-father.—This is an illusion, and grows out of the false idea that our love is like any material and mortal thing, limited in quantity, and that what is given to one is necessarily withdrawn from another. Sophie took Hagar with her wherever they went, even to evening parties, where the child with the obstinacy of spoiled children in general and her own nature in particular, refused to go to bed as long as Sophie sat up.

There she would sit—the only child in a room crowded with grown people—alone, in a corner, quite neglected, her glittering eyes glancing around the room, and springing off in aversion when they fell upon the figure of Mr. Withers. She was beginning to hate him intensely, merely because he occupied so much of the time and attention of Sophie, whom she passionately loved. Her first interview with Raymond Withers is worthy of relation as characteristic of both. It was the night after the wedding, and a large party were crowded in the sober-hued parlor of Emily May. Hagar had been staying at the cottage for the last few days—and this night she first rejoined Sophie after her marriage. Here she was sitting, as I have described, neglected and apparently forgotten in a corner. Sophie could not well approach her, and Emily ever thoughtful as she was, this evening had overlooked her, in her attentions to her guests. The child's wild eyes were gleaming brightly, fiercely, under her sharply projecting brows—her preternaturally developed perceptive faculties were at work. Refreshments had been carried around twice or thrice by the servants, and they had overlooked her. At last she saw, it was the first time she had seen him, a delicate golden haired youth, in deep mourning, enter the room. He went directly up to Sophie and remained by her side. The keen eyes of the child were immediately riveted upon him. There was a pensiveness, a thoughtfulness upon his fair young brow that seemed to isolate him even among the crowd. He stood by the side and a little behind Sophie's chair, and except when he stooped to catch an occasional word from her, he stood unmoved and almost unobservant in the room. Once his eyes were raised, and their sad gaze chanced to meet the wild eyes of the little girl fixed with interest on his face. He bent down, and pointing to Hagar, spoke to Sophie. Sophie's glance followed the indication of his finger, then raising her countenance to his, she answered him. He immediately separated himself from the party, passed into the supper-room, and returning, walked up to the child, spread her handkerchief over her lap, poured into it a plate full of cakes and sweetmeats, and took a seat by her side.

"Did Sophie send me these?" inquired the child.

"No."

"Why did you bring them, then?"

"You looked lonesome, and dull, and I thought it would amuse you."

"Ah! I thought Sophie did not send them—she never thinks of me now."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is true—she used to keep me always by her side, or on her lap—now for two or three days she has left me here with Mrs. May, and now that she has come, she scarcely speaks to me!" exclaimed the child, and her black eyes flashed under her sharp brows, and her white teeth gleamed under her upturned lip as she spoke.

A soft smile hovered an instant around the beautiful lips and under the golden eye-lashes of the youth as he said,

"You look so like a little playful, spiteful black kitten, that I am almost afraid of your teeth and claws—however—" and stooping down he daintily lifted the child and set her on his lap. Then he said, "I think you are a jealous little girl."

"I don't know what 'jealous' is, but I don't like to be robbed of what is mine."

"You are selfish, I am afraid, little one—who has robbed you?"

"Mr. Withers has got Sophie, and now he may have her, for I don't care."

"You are a proud little lady."

He caressed her straight black hair, adjusted her somewhat disordered dress, and began to crack nuts for her, but her eyes were fixed upon the group at the opposite end of the room, and suddenly she said—

"I wish Mr. Withers was dead—I do so!"

"Oh! horror!" said the young man, now really shocked. "Revengeful, too, Hagar! Mr. Withers is my father."

"Is he? I did not know that—I am so sorry—but, oh! he has taken Sophie away from me, and now I am so lonesome," and the child burst out crying.

"And where have you been my pretty lad,
Where have you been all day?"

sang little Miss Rogers, dancing up to them—"Come, Raymond! or I beg your pardon—*Mr.* Raymond Withers—for you hobble-de-hoys are awful punctilious about your dignity—are you going to stay here nursing that spoiled brat all night? We are forming a round game at forfeits in the other room, and we want you."

"Don't go," whispered the child.

Raymond set her off his lap, arose, and apologizing to Miss Rogers, gracefully declined her invitation. The maiden pouted, smiled, threw up her head and tripped away.

"Ain't you good, to stay with me, instead of going with her? take me up again," and she held out both her arms to him.

He smiled gently, and raised her, and how beautifully broke the glad smile over her dark, wild countenance, as she looked up in his face. From that hour the youth and infant were companions, confidants, and friends.

At this time it was that the germ of a passion, fraught with much evil to the whole of Hagar's life, took root in her heart—a passion destined by mal-cultivation to be fostered into monstrous growth—JEALOUSY; and this grew out of Sophie's thoughtless concentration of mind upon her new duty, just at this juncture—it is true that this mood of mind lasted but a few days, but in these days the seed of evil was sown.

They were settled at Heath Hall. The time occupied by them in the wedding festivities while they were inmates of the Glade—the guests of Mrs Gardiner Green—was also improved at the Heath.—Workmen had been sent thither and the house put in some repair. The negroes had been called home from hire, and set to work in clearing up the grounds—piling the weeds, briars and rubbish up—drying and burning them for manure—in repairing old and putting up new fences, &c. The brick wall enclosing the garden and running round the very edge of the promontory had been mended, the garden put in order, and the wild and desolate aspect of the whole place somewhat ameliorated.—On the day of their return to Heath Hall a dinner and an evening party of course had been given, and that was the last. The next day they were left quietly in possession of their own home.

There, reader! Northern reader and city reader, you have now some idea of country weddings in middle life in Maryland and Virginia,—very different, you will admit, from city weddings. Raymond remained with them until the first of September, when his college term commencing, he returned to the North. Hagar grieved wildly after him, and threw herself upon her face when the packet in which he sailed disappeared up the river. His return to college had been doubtful, but was decided by an event that had occurred about two weeks after their return to the Heath. Up to the day of their return, the health and spirits of Mr. Withers had continued to improve—in a few days after their arrival, however—after the new moon, and as it increased to its full, the sleep of Withers became disturbed, his nights were uneasy and his days gloomy—a deadly pallor settled on his face—his features became haggard, his cheeks hollow, and his eyes sunken and glowing in their deep sockets. Now Sophie's heart trembled with uneasiness now palpitated with alarm. Raymond was now ever at her side with words of gentle affection and cheerful encouragement—the boy seemed old and wise beyond his years, by the preternatural development by suffering;—he requested Sophie not to permit his father to perceive her knowledge that the terrible crisis of his malady was at hand, and they both redoubled their attentions to him. Daily his manner became more eccentric and alarming—he would sit at the table gloomy and glowering without uttering a word during the meal—then rising up he would walk off to the forest, or the beach—Raymond following him at a safe distance. Sometimes he would look back before leaving the house, remorsefully at Sophie, would return, take her hand, and then with a sudden change of mood—his green eyes scintillating sparks of fire—fling it from him with violence and hurry off. Raymond grew hourly more wretchedly anxious on Sophie's account—Day and night she was exposed, alone, to the danger of his violence. One morning when Sophie had come down to prepare breakfast, she found Raymond already in the breakfast-room—he advanced to meet her.

"Where is my father, Sophie?"

"In his chamber—he has not slept the whole night."

"Sophie! I wish to say this to you—there is a malignity in his madness now that I have never seen before—it is a new feature, and it excites my fears for you. Sophie, leave him here in my care, and go and visit your friend, Mrs. May, for a few days—do, Sophie."

"How, Raymond! was my pledge given, my mission undertaken only for easy and safe duty—was there any proviso made that as soon as it became onerous, or dangerous, it should be abandoned? no, Raymond, I will be firm through these dark days—they will soon be past, and I shall feel repaid."

"But your life—your *life* may be endangered."

"'Life'—why, Raymond, of what great value is my life, that it should not be risked in a good cause."

"I do believe, Sophie, that it was your being brought up in that room papered with the martyrs, that has given this singular bias to your character—why, Sophie, the world knowing your history in connection with my father, would consider you the most insane of the two."

They were standing side by side at the window, looking out upon the bay—its rippling waves glittering in the morning sun, its dark green bosom relieved by the white sails of a packet moving up the river. They had not heard the entrance of Withers, who approached and stood behind them—his face pale, his livid lips compressed, his eyes drawn in and glowing in their deep sockets.

"But dear Sophie," continued the youth, "we must think of some place for securing your safety."

In an instant the hands of Withers fell heavily upon his neck.

"Perfidious son of a perfidious mother!" he exclaimed, shaking him violently, "her image in heart and mind, as well as in person—traitor and reprobate! would you wile the love of my bride away from me? would you teach her your vile mother's sin?"

The delicate youth was but as a reed in his grasp. Sophie sank pale and helpless into a chair. Now another figure appeared upon the scene—little Hagar stamping and screaming, upon the floor,

"Let Raymond! let my brother alone! Let him go, I say! you old Satan, you. I—I'll *kill* you—I'll scratch your eyes out," and clambering upon a chair, and then upon a table, she sprang cat-like upon the back of his neck—now he was obliged to drop his hold of Raymond a moment to shake off the little wild-cat—he seized her, and pulling her off, hurled her flying through the open window!—With a cry of anguish, Raymond sprang from the spot—from the room, and hurried around into the yard. The fall was not deep—the turf was soft—and the lithe, agile child had lighted on her feet and hands. She sprang up as Raymond came, and running to meet him asked anxiously,

"Are you hurt? did he hurt you, Raymond?"

He lifted her in his arms, and hurrying around the back way, ran up stairs with her.

"Oh, your poor neck—only see the marks of his wicked claws on your pretty white neck!" exclaimed the child, and she kissed and closely clasped him, and wept as if her heart were broken up and gushing through her tears. Then raising her head with eyes flashing through her tears, as the lightning gleams through the rain, she said,

"Oh! the bad—bad—*bad* man! I wonder what God lets him stay here for!"

"Hush—you must not ask such sinful questions."

"But I *do* wonder—I'm sure I wouldn't let him stay here if I could help it."

"You must not think such wicked thoughts," said the youth; but he himself was excited and anxious, and setting Hagar down on the foot of her little bed, he said,

"Now, Hagar, you must stay here—you must not come near him again to day—"

"I'm not afraid of him," interrupted the child.

"No; you have the fire and courage of a young tigress; but you would not make him angry, and so endanger Sophie's peace, would you?"

"No—he shan't hurt Sophie; if he tries—the next time I'll get my claws in his eyes and scratch them out—right out! and then see who he can hurt!"

"But you are talking of my father, Hagar," said the young man, reproachfully.

"Oh! so I am—*that* is the worst of it."

"Now, Hagar, promise me to stay here till I come and fetch you, will you?"

"Yes—I will do any thing in the world *you* want me to do, Raymond—just see if I don't!"

"Well, then, I am going to look after Sophie—and I will be back as soon as I can."

He found Sophie extended in a swoon upon the floor. Withers was gone. He raised her and bathed her face—she revived—he set her in the deep arm chair.

"Hagar?" inquired she, as soon as she could speak.

"Is not hurt—has neither scratch nor bruise—she is in my chamber—I thought it best that she should keep out of sight of my father for the present."

"What is to be done—where is Mr. Withers?"

"I do not know where he is gone—but you must seek a place of safety."

"No—no—no—I will stay here—I think I understand now why his lunacy takes this malignant character towards you—you remind him of—no matter—but you—poor bereft boy—you must return immediately to your college—I can deal with him better, alone, I am sure."

"But, Sophie, you are nervous—*unfit* for this—the spirit indeed is willing—but the flesh—the flesh is weak—you swooned just now—you have not even the firmness and courage of little Hagar."

"No, not the firmness, or the *fierceness* but I have the courage. It must be as I say—you must leave here—you are too much like—poor boy, I did not mean to wound you—indeed I did not—you must return to your college, and by the time you have finished your course there—the absence of exciting causes—tranquillity and sympathy will have restored your unfortunate father to health—then you will return and we shall all be happy together—courage, Raymond! God is at the helm! we must not forget that—He will yet guide us safely through this rough sea and starless night—now, Raymond go and seek him—watch him, but keep out of his sight." He left her to do her bidding.

By a natural reaction the madness of Withers now assumed another aspect. Late in the afternoon he returned and entered not *his own*, but Raymond's chamber. Sophie was in their room, and heard him come slowly up the stairs, enter the adjoining chamber and throw himself upon Raymond's bed. She determined to go to him, though her every nerve from heart to extremities was trembling and quivering. She arose and entered the room; the white wrapper that she wore was not whiter than her cheek, as she sat down by the bedside, where his long thin figure, in its black suit, lay extended upon the white counterpane. But what a change had come over him! never even in his most rational moments had she seen him in such a mood; his manner was subdued, the expression of his countenance pensive, his tones gentle. No one that had seen him in his ordinary manner, hard, stern, harsh and bitter, would have recognized him now—alas! this mood was as unnatural to him and as much a feature in his lunacy as was the other of the morning, it was but the re-action of his phrensy. He held his hand out to her, she took it and pressed it between her own.

"I would not go into your room, Sophie, for fear of disturbing you, and you came to me. Alas! and you are so pale, you tremble so much, poor girl, I have nearly killed you, you will give me up now!" and an expression of anguish convulsed his countenance.

"No, no, I will not; my paleness, trembling, swooning, is a matter of nerves, not of will, I can not help it, but I will not upon that account leave you, my flesh shrinks, but my reason does not convince me of any personal risk."

"And there is none to you, none to you, Sophie, believe it; in my maddest moments I could not hurt you."

At this moment Raymond not knowing who was in the room entered, started slightly on seeing his father on the bed with Sophie sitting by him, but quickly recovering himself, walked up to the bed, and inquired, as though nothing had happened,

"How are you now, sir?"

"Better, calmer, my boy—but oh! Raymond, my son, why had you not kept out of my way? You know, you know the risk you run; think if in my phrensy I were to do you a fatal injury, what would my after life be? Sophie! you see how fair and wan he is, he was more robust once, but in my first fit of phrensy, while he was trying to save me from rushing into the street and exposing my madness, I dealt him a heavy blow upon the chest, injured his lungs, and he has never been well since."

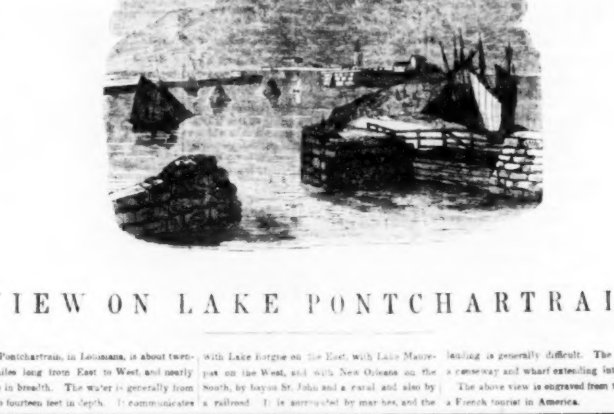
"But he will be well," said Sophie, as, with her eyes full of tears, she turned and laid her hand caressingly on Raymond's shoulder, "he will get well when he has finished his studies and returns home and finds his father restored to health."

"But will that ever be, Sophie?" sadly inquired the unhappy man.

"Oh! yes, I am sure of it," she said. "Why, though I do not know much about such things, yet it appears to me so reasonable that a malady concealed as yours was, should increase and strengthen, instead of subside, and that it should darken your mind, that I am not at all surprised; and I believe that now, relieved by communication and sympathy, it will gradually leave you."

This mood also changed in a few hours. As the moon waned he relapsed into the gloom and reserve of his habitual manner. By the vigilance of Sophie and Raymond little Hagar had been kept carefully out of his sight for some days, and now when she came into his presence, in his abstraction he scarcely observed her. Sophie felt uneasy as the Sabbath approached. From the relaxed nerves of the lately overstrained brain, Sophie knew that he could not prepare a sermon, and knew not what excuse could be made, and wondered what had been his course in former emergencies of this kind. She knew not, that during the very fervor and exaltation of insanity he had prepared a sermon, which when delivered on the next Sabbath would electrify the whole congregation with its soul thrilling eloquence. That sermon was the talk of the whole county for weeks. This, the reader knows, is not an uncommon feature in the exalted stages of mania. The "Song of David," written during a fit of insanity by Christopher Smart, a poet of the last century, with a rusty nail on the walls of his cell in the madhouse, is one of the most elevated and sublime strains of sacred poetry I ever read.

Our Picture Gallery.



VIEW ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

Lake Pontchartrain, in Louisiana, is about twenty-five miles long from East to West, and nearly the same in breadth. The water is generally from twelve to fourteen feet in depth. It communicates with Lake Borgne on the East, with Lake Maurepas on the West, and with New Orleans on the South, by bayou St. John and a canal, and also by a railroad. It is surrounded by marshes, and the landing is generally difficult. The view exhibits a causeway and wharf extending into the lake.

The above view is engraved from the sketches of a French tourist in America.

The first of September arrived. Raymond was gone, and the disbanded school of Sophie Churchill, or as we must now call her Mrs Withers, re-assembled. It was continued for a few months until the end of the year, when Sophie found that she would have to give it up. In one respect a healthful change had passed over Mr. Withers. The violence of his periodical attacks of lunacy gradually subsided, but with this change grew another feature, an exclusive, absorbing, and constantly increasing affection for his gentle young wife. This from his idiosyncrasy became daily more jealous and exacting; he could not endure to have her out of his sight, he grew jealous, not only of the child who occupied a portion of her time, but of the very business by which at least half their income was provided.

At the commencement of the Christmas holidays, Sophie broke up her school. Soon after this she received a severe shock in the news of the sudden death of her sister Rosalia and her husband, both of whom were carried off by a prevailing epidemic. This news was communicated by a letter from a lawyer of Baltimore, which letter also informed her that Mr. Withers and herself had been appointed guardians of the person and property of Rosalia Aguilar. This letter happened to come when the mind of Mr. Withers was in its least disturbed state, and therefore in a few days from its reception, Sophie left the Hall for Baltimore, with the purpose of bringing home the little Rosalia Aguilar, the second orphan niece committed to her charge.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROSALIA.

"A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."
Byron.

"Mind, Hagar, you must be attentive to your uncle, he is not well, my love, and you must do nothing to annoy him—now, will you promise me, Hagar?" had been the earnest injunction and question of Sophie as she was taking leave of little Hagar the morning of her departure for Baltimore. The child was silent and sulky. This argued ill.

"Oh, Hagar! will you let me depart in anxiety of mind when I may never see you again?"

Hagar was still inexorable.

"Will you not be gentle and good with *Raymond's* father?"

"Yes!" said she, raising her flashing eyes, "for Raymond's sake."

Now it must not be inferred from this that there was unmitigated antagonism between the wild child and her solemn uncle-in-law, but there was that which was far more exasperating, a capricious and fretful attraction. Sometimes highly amused or deeply interested in the child's strong, keen and original genius he would take her into great favor for days together, keep her always with him in his study, open to her hungry and greedy mind stores of food, win her affections, and then, at some fancied irreverence or impropriety on her part, would shake her from his hand as though she had been a viper, and drive her from the room.* And she would fly from the house stung and suffering, to take refuge in the dark woods among the grey rocks, or on the gravelly beach of the surging bay. The wild child took to the wild scenes of nature, as naturally as the squirrel takes to the trees, the bird to the air, or the fish to the water; and soon she was at home there, soon she learned to climb a tree with the swiftness and agility of a monkey, soon she learned, alone, to launch the boat, and wield the oar with a skill and grace that nothing but instinct could have taught, and in the very spirit of adventure she would make long voyages of discovery up and down the shores of the bay. And if a storm was brewing, if the sky was darkened and the thunder muttering in the distance, if danger was ahead, so much the more tempting and exciting was the voyage to the fearless child. The same spirit of adventure and inquiry would lead down a darksome forest path, into the deepest dells and most tangled thickets and far away into the wildest solitudes of the wilderness; and the close hiss of a serpent, or the distant growl of a wolf would only send color to the lips and cheeks, and light to the eyes of the girl whose ardent soul panted for excitement. Do you ask where she got her fiery blood from? I do not know exactly, perhaps the spark was transmitted from some Egyptian long since. All I can tell is that the same wild spirit of adventure had incited several of her ancestors from time to time to rebellion against church and state, had sent the founder of the American branch into the new country, and now occasionally broke out in a solitary member of the house, as in Hagar. And where was Sophie while her little charge roamed over river, creek and bay, forest, moor and rock at large? Absorbed in the care of her lunatic husband, fancying Hagar safe at play, she remained in total ignorance of the child's woodland sports and salt-water voyages.

Sophie had fallen into that dangerous error so common to enthusiasts—the exclusive absorption in one duty, to the neglect of others. Sophie's self-devotion would have been good as it seemed beautiful, had it been governed by *moderation*. It has been ingeniously said by Hassler that "from its position in the solar system, neither too close nor too far removed from the centre of light and heat—*moderation* would seem to be the peculiar virtue appropriate to our earth"—and when one thinks of it, it would seem the one thing needful for a better reason than mere locality. Moderation is the moral guage, the moral regulator, and should be president of the debating society of the passions, propensities, sentiments and virtues. Moderation is to the heart what reason is to the head. Moderation is just precisely that hair line, erroneously said to be invisible, that divides the right from the wrong, good from evil, and virtue from vice. For see—Courage is a good thing, but carried beyond the bounds of moderation it becomes rashness—which is a bad thing. Cautiousness is also good, but beyond moderation it becomes cowardice—which is bad. Liberality on the other side of the line of moderation is prodigality. Even religion, piety, which is most excellent, stretched beyond the line of moderation becomes fanaticism, superstition—which is any thing but worship and honor to the Creator. I can quote Scripture for that. "Be not righteous over much."

* Some people who are not lunatics treat their children in a less degree in the same capricious way, alternating unreasonable fondness with unmerited harshness; and nothing can be more fatal to the temper and character of a child.

Poor Sophie was "over much," and hence her self-sacrifice was not, as it might have been, productive of unmingled good. To Hagar it brought much evil, not only by leaving her to the pursuit of her own wild pleasures, but in subjecting her before she could understand it to the caprices of an unimpaired intellect excited by a nervous and bilious temperament. Her sentiments towards her uncle were at the time of Sophie's departure a singular and most exasperating blending of affection and anger, if not of positive love and hatred. He would take her into favor for weeks, and just as she was growing confident and easy in his affection, he would throw her off without a cause, and treat her with freezing coldness for other weeks; her first feeling would be a mixed emotion of sorrow and anger, and that would subside into a cold dislike, fostered by his unkind manner; and then just as she was getting to hate him comfortably, feeling quite justified in entertaining the sentiment and quite independent in consequence, lo and behold, some unexpected, and as it would seem to her, some undeserved act of kindness or tenderness would melt the iceberg in her bosom, and she could weep in very penitence for all the coldness she had felt and shown.

When Sophie left the Hall, Hagar, according to her promise, tamed her heart of fire and gave every gentle attention to her provoking uncle, who was now in one of his morose fits by reason of Sophie's absence, and therefore was very hard to be satisfied. A week passed away, during which Hagar's short stock of patience was nearly exhausted by receiving in return for all her attention cold looks, short replies, and half suppressed grumblings—the dark sky and muttering thunder of an approaching storm.

Affairs were in this state at the Hall when the day of Sophie's expected return arrived. The packet usually put out a little boat and landed passengers for the Hall upon the beach under the promontory. Early in the afternoon, Hagar's falcon eye descrying a sail upon the bay, she ran down to the promontory, sped down the rocky declivity with the agility and swiftness of a kid and stood upon the sunny beach to await its approach. The packet swiftly approached, stopped opposite the promontory and a boat put out from her side, and was swiftly rowed to the beach.

Hagar sprung to meet her aunt who stepped upon the sand, leading a little girl of about three years of age, dressed in deep mourning. Hagar had sprung up into Sophie's arms and given her a quick embrace, when the latter putting her down said—"Kiss your cousin, Hagar."

"Yes, kiss me, Hagar," said the little one, "kiss me, love me—I've got no mother." And the large bright tears rolled down her rosy cheeks. Hagar caressed her as a kitten might caress a young dove, with its claws out. And the soft sensitive pet half evaded her wire-like clasp. "Oh! she is a city baby, used to be nursed by *white* nurses, and to step her little soft feet upon pavements, and to play with dolls in dining-rooms; she shrinks from me, whose play grounds are the forest, rocks and waters—and whose toys are bows, arrows and guns." And Hagar bent forward and gazed with her keen eyes into the face of the timid child as they walked side by side towards the ascent of the cliff. Here even Sophie's hand afforded little assistance to the unpractised feet of the infant as she toiled up the steep and dangerous cliff glancing with terror at the sharp projecting points of the rocks sticking up ready to impede her soft form if she missed her footing. Hagar gazed at the little frightened toiler half in pity, half in amusement, until suddenly the devil leaped into the eyes of the wild child, and seizing her cousin, she swung her upon her shoulder, and springing from the spot with the bound of a kid, scarcely touching the points of the rocks with her light feet, she flew up the steep knobs of the cliff—while Rose clung to her neck in deadly terror, and Sophie raised her hands in awe-struck astonishment. Arrived at the top safe, she set her down, panting, and tenderly as she knew how soothed her alarm. But from that moment through all her after life, Rosalia feared and shrunk from Hagar.

Mr. Withers received Sophie with visible pleasure and affection; drawing her to his bosom and pressing a kiss upon her lips. But when he stooped to welcome her little charge Rosalia he suddenly drew back, shaded his eyes with his hands and gazed at her; then recovering himself, he welcomed the orphan with a few words of encouragement and re-assurance.

After the children were in bed that night, and while Withers and Sophie sat by the parlor fire he said, as if half musing, "The same intense blue eyes, the same golden hair, except that both are fairer." Then suddenly turning to Sophie, and speaking earnestly, he said—"Tell me, my guardian angel, is it an illusion of my wayward imagination, or does Rosalia resemble—resemble—?"

"Raymond?" suggested Sophie, with tact.

"Yes, Raymond," he replied quickly. "You have seen it then, too?"

"Yes, she *does* resemble Raymond—but that may be from her having the same colored hair and eyes, and the same delicately fair skin—which she takes from her mother, my sister Rosalia, who was of that complexion."

"Yes—but the features, the expression, that peculiar arch of the delicate upper lip, that sweeping curve* of the upper lids falling over 'eyes whose light might fix the glance of any seraph gazing not on God,' and the elegantly carved hand and arm, and foot—the very form and features of—of—" he paused and sighed deeply—"of Fanny Raymond. Yes, of Fanny Raymond, as I knew her when a child—except that this child has more softness, tenderness—more lymph, if one might use the expression."

"Why do you not tell me all about it, Mr. Withers; then you would feel better, then there would be freer conversation between us; no starts, broken sentences and misapprehensions."

"Why do you wish to pry into my secrets?" asked he, angrily, and rising, paced the floor with moody air and a dark brow. After a while he returned and sat down. Sophie went and sat beside him—and obtaining possession of his hand caressed it as she said gently,

"I do not wish to pry into your secrets, believe me I do not—I only wish to give you peace; after so long a time, do you not know me for your friend?"

"Well, then, Sophie, do not exasperate me by questions of my past life; at some periods I have very little self control, as you very well know."

His moroseness increased from this hour, until a day or two after his disease broke out in phrensy. His attack had reached its crisis, passed it, and declined into gloom as before. Sophie had successfully guarded him from public exposure. Again as before, a sermon written during the exalted stage of his insanity, had electrified the whole country. It seemed strange, but it was not unprecedented in the annals of insanity, that one who had well nigh lost his reason, should at some periods perceive the points of his subjects with microscopic distinctness, and argue them with mathematical closeness and precision. It was less strange, that into this perfect body of logic, his burning imagination should cast a soul of eloquence, fire and life. His fame was spread all through the neighboring counties, and crowds flocked to hear him preach. Could they at some seasons have seen his heart, or even entered his home! And yet they knew as much, and judged as correctly of him, as many of us know and judge of some around and near us every day. Still he accomplished much good. Sophie felt this, and took heart amid her troubles. Truth, pure truth, loses none of its force and point by any mode of conveyance through which it reaches its object. Truth diluted with falsehood, comes weak and faint through any medium.

It would be vain to try to give you any fair idea of the winning beauty and gentle grace of the little Rosalia Aguilar, whom but to look upon was to love. She soon became the favorite of the whole house, from its solemn master down to old Cumbo in the kitchen. Hagar loved her at first, and tried to teach her to make and use little bows and arrows, and to coax her off to her forest haunts, or out on the bay; but when, after her repeated efforts, she found the gentle and timorous child still shrink from her offers of entertainment, she left her alone—and afterwards, when she felt that the loving little beauty was winning from her the little hold she had upon the affections of the household, her heart became bitter, and the jealous trait in her character grew and strengthened. More than ever she took to the desolate scenes about her native hall. She made wider excursions upon the bay, and deeper inroads into the forest—in the wild wantonness of her nature she would scale the most difficult rocks, and swim along the very edge of the most fearful precipices, or climb the tallest trees and letting herself out upon the frailest branches, rock up and down between earth and sky, delighted to tamper with danger; or if the branch beneath her broke, save herself, monkey like, by an agile spring and catch at the nearest bough. Thus the keen perceptive faculties of the child were only employed in perfecting her animal strength and agility. And Sophie? had Sophie quite abandoned her? No, but occupied with her unhappy and exacting husband, and with her younger and more helpless niece, Sophie seeing Hagar always well, left her very much to herself. And indeed the wild child was always rather beyond the control of her gentle relative. Thus passed the winter.

The close intimacy that had subsisted between the little families of Heath Hall and Grove Cottage, had been considerably interrupted since the marriage of Sophie. She wished to preserve the secret of her husband, and therefore rather discouraged the continuance of the hitherto almost daily intercourse between the families. Emily also felt an aversion to the minister that had an influence in severing the close intimacy of the friends. And Augustus, too, being in daily attendance upon a school three miles in the opposite direction, found little chance to visit his old playmate Hagar. Emily, however, though her visits were few and far between, still felt in all its devotion her warm affection for Sophie. Other neighbors, more acquaintances, came occasionally to the Hall, and sometimes spent a day there, or a day and night after the manner of country neighborhood visiting, but from these careless and uninterested observers Sophie succeeded in keeping her misfortune secret. The two children were objects of considerable attention from these visiters, and the striking contrast of their persons, manners and characters, noted and commented upon, *in their presence*. The winning beauty and sweet confiding sociability of the fair cherub, and the wild shy reserve of the dark child were compared, and sagely commented upon—and conclusions very disparaging to Hagar, drawn by these superficial critics who did not understand her. Indeed the contrast between these two children was so striking, that they were never passed by strangers or servants without some such remark as this—"Rosalia is beautiful, lovely—but that other child is very homely." It is very wrong to make remarks on the personal beauty or ugliness of children in their hearing. The effect is invariably injurious. It is highly reprehensible to draw invidious comparisons between the beauty of children, especially before their faces. This thoughtlessness is fraught with the direst consequences. When you say so carelessly in their presence, that "Anne is prettier than Jane," and look at Anne as though her accidental beauty were a virtue, and look at Jane as though she were in fault—think that into the fertile soil of the children's hearts you have dropped the seeds of evil—the seed of vanity in the heart of Anne, the seed of envy into that of Jane, and the germ of discord into both. Upon Rosalia and Hagar these thoughtless remarks were producing the worst effects. Rosalia, loved, petted and praised by the family, the servants and visitors, with all her gentleness and sweetness, was growing vain, selfish and sensual—and loved best of all things to lie in some old lady's soft lap and suck sugar-plums, while the said old lady caressed and praised her. And she was a most endearing child; unlike other spoiled and petted children she never gave way to temper—she was much too gentle for that. She was penetrable, sensitive, not high spirited. Sometimes in his wilful moods Mr. Withers would repulse her, though never with the asperity with which he drove Hagar from his presence; and she would weep, and come back, and coax and caress him until the madman, subdued by the power of love, would take her to his bosom—where nestling herself cosily, she would fall into the deep sleep—the reaction of her excitement; while his own stormy soul, mesmerized, would subside into calmness. And daily his love for her and his aversion to Hagar increased. Upon Hagar too, these influences were producing the worst effects. Jealousy and suspicion of the few she loved, scorn and contempt for the opinions of others—neglect of her person as little worth attention, and a morbid desire to be loved exclusively—these were some of the evil fruits of her mal-education.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ATTIC.

"An old joy of childhood and youth, a cat-like love of garrets."—*Emerson.*

One more circumstance, patient reader, and I have done tiring you with the squabbles of children. It was one that more particularly introduced Hagar to the notice of Mrs. May, and saved her from degenerating quite into a savage. It occurred some time after the events recorded in the last chapter. But just let me briefly sum up the history of the intervening time. The disease of Mr. Withers had changed in these respects—he was no longer subject to violent outbreaks; but his malady, wanting that vent, had only deepened in gloom and moroseness. He had lost his eloquence and power in the pulpit to that degree, that a curate had to be appointed to assist him, and his pay deducted from the minister's small salary. This curate boarded with Emily. The farm only partly reclaimed, had been suffered to relapse into desolation. The income arising from Sophie's school had been, of course, cut off at its discontinuance. And the family at Heath Hall found themselves in straightened circumstances. This was felt more heavily, as the continued exactions of Mr. Withers upon the time and attention of his gentle and complying wife, left her little opportunity for those economies and contrivances by which a thrifty house-keeper makes the most of a narrow income. Raymond had not once visited the Hall, though he frequently wrote. Emily May repulsed by what she supposed the coldness of Sophie, altogether absented herself.

Gusty was absent on a voyage with his uncle, Lieutenant Wilde, who had made one visit to Grove Cottage, but without calling upon or even inquiring after Sophie.

It was just before the expected return of Gusty, near the close of the winter, when Hagar was driven in from her rambles by the arising of a furious storm. She betook herself to the garret, her place of refuge in times of trouble. Poor little Rose repulsed by the gloom and ill-temper of "uncle," had already hidden herself there; and the children sat before the fireless hearth—the desolate children in the desolate scene. It was a large, low, square room, with two deep dormer windows facing the East, and looking far out upon the bay—with a dark cuddie under the eaves of the Western wall—with a rude fire-place on the South, and opposite on the North, the door leading from the room into the narrow passage and down the stairs. The walls were very dark, and the plastering broken here and there. Between the two dormer windows and close to the floor, was a large crevice in the wall, through which you might look into the long dark space between the wall and the edge of the roof, a space corresponding to the cuddie on the opposite side. Strange sounds were sometimes heard in this place and through the crevice. Hagar, that child of shadows, would look with mysterious awe—for with its boundaries lost in obscurity, to her it seemed a dark profound sinking through the house down to the centre of the earth, while her imagination loved to people it with ghosts, gnomes, and all the subterranean demons she had read of in her favorite book, the Arabian Nights. "Listen! listen! to the spirits," she would sometimes whisper in wantonness to her little cousin.

"I hear nothing but the rats in the cuddie," would the matter-of-fact Rose reply. The floor of the attic was bare, the planks rude and rough, and worn apart in some places, leaving dark apertures, down which Hagar would look as into an interminable abyss the haunt of her favorite gnomes. There was no furniture in this room, except an old trunk without a top, that sometimes served Rosalia for a baby-house, and sometimes, reversed, for a seat. Upon this trunk the children were now seated. The storm still raged around the old house top—the shingles were reft off, whirled aloft and sent clattering like hail-stones to the ground; the wind howled and shrieked about the walls, and the old windows and rafters writhed and groaned in the blast, like the wail of lost souls, and the laugh of exultant fiends. The rain was dashed in floods against the crazy windows, and the children sprinkled through their crevices. The water began to stream from the leakages in the ceiling, and to collect in puddles in the corners of the room. These puddles enlarging and approaching each other, threatened to overflow the floor. The children drew their trunk upon the fireless hearth. Rose's little chubby arms and legs were red with cold.

"Oh! how the wind's a-blowing. I am almost frozen," wept Rose. And they were. "Let's go into the parlor," suggested Rose.

Hagar looked at her with astonishment, that she should propose to "beard the lion" in his present mood.

"Yes, into the parlor," persisted the child. "I'll bet you anything that uncle will let us stay in the parlor this evening, and warm ourselves at the fire. It is so very cold, you know."

"Well! it is my house anyhow, and so for your sake, Rose, we *will* go down."

And hand in hand the shivering children left the attic; passed down four flights of back stairs, and went to the parlor door, and Rosalia peeped timidly in. It was the same old parlor—papered with the christian martyrs that I have before described; and there sat the tall thin figure of Mr. Withers, dark, solemn, and lowering, and opposite sat Sophie, with her soft brown eyes bent over her knitting. And, oh! sight of luxury to the half frozen child—there was a glorious, glowing hickory fire, crackling, blazing and roaring in the chimney. The children opened the door and passed in, carefully closing it after them; they approached the fire, Hagar with an air of defiance, Rose with a look of deprecation. Sophie looked at the children with remorseful tenderness, and made room for them, unluckily, between herself and Withers, thereby attracting his attention. He turned, and knitting his brows until they met across his nose, and fixing his eyes sternly on the children, he asked, in a rough tone—

"What are you doing here?"

"Warming ourselves!" exclaimed Hagar, raising her eyes, flashing, to his face.

He frowned darkly on her, and half started from his seat, while Rose cowered at her side, and Sophie grew pale.

"Be off with yourselves," he said, in a stern under tone.

Hagar planted her feet firmly on the ground, while Rosalia slunk away. Sophie arose, and saying, in a low tone, "Take Rose to the kitchen fire, dear Hagar," prepared to follow them.

"Come back, Sophie!" exclaimed Withers, in an excited tone. And she sat down, with a patient, despairing look, merely motioning to Hagar by an imploring gesture, to leave the room.

"Well! let's go into the kitchen and warm ourselves at Aunt Cumbo's fire," suggested the ever hopeful Rosalia.

They left the parlor by a back door that led through a sort of closet into the kitchen. The storm was still raging, but a good fire was burning on the kitchen hearth, and the tea-kettle was singing over the blaze, and old Cumbo was standing at a table kneading dough.

"Are you going to have biscuits for supper, Aunt Cumbo?" asked Rosalia, in a coaxing tone, as she approached the table.

"Now, what you comin' out here botherin' arter me for, when I am gettin' supper—go 'long in de house wid you."

The old woman happened to be in a bad humor.

"But, Aunt Cumbo, we are cold—we want to warm ourselves," coaxed Rose. "Mayn't we warm ourselves by your fire?"

"No, no, no! kitchen ain't no place for white children, no how you can fix it, so go 'long in wid you." And the rough old woman came bustling up to the fire-place—drove the little girls away, and began to set her spider and spider-lid to heat.

"No—this is no place for us," said Hagar, who disdained a controversy with a menial; and the children left the passage.

Rosalia's teeth were chattering, and she felt as though the cold had reached her heart.

"I wish that we were both dead, Hagar," said she, in a whimpering tone.

"I don't," said Hagar, looking half in pity, half in scorn, at the wailing child. "Nor must you. You must live. You are to marry the President of the United States, you know."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the vain child, suddenly brightening up, "so I am! Cumbo, when she aint cross, says I'm pretty enough to marry him or his betters! And then, Hagar!—oh, Hagar! then I am going to have a good fire all the time, in every room in the house; and I will wear *whole* shoes and stockings every day, and always have biscuits for supper. And—never mind, Hagar, you shall live with me, too; and when I think of that, oh, Hagar! When I think of that, I have such a—such a—what do you call it, that keeps people up, and keeps 'em alive?"

"Hope."

"Yes! 'never give up.' You know Gusty Wilde says 'never give up,' and I am a-going to 'never give up.' I am going down into the cellar, now, to pick up chips. Tarquinius has been down there sawing wood, and I know there must be chips there; and we can pick up enough to make us a fire, and we can make a nice fire and tell stories."

And with the elasticity of childhood she led the way down to the cellar. It was a large, dark, musty old place, with an area partitioned off, in which milk, butter, fresh meat, &c., were kept in summer; in winter it was usually two feet deep in water; now, however, it was nearly dry. It was originally intended for a kitchen, and was built in the old-fashioned English style, with a large grate in the fire-place, with ovens each side, having heavy iron doors. These deep ovens, the bounds of which, were out of sight in the darkness, seemed to Hagar like the entrances to subterranean caverns—the abode of ghosts. To Rose they were merely brick closets, that smelt very musty and unpleasant. The brick pavement of the cellar was decayed away, and green with mould. It was, however, a favorite resort with the children, for there they were free from persecution. They entered, and Rosalia began to fill her apron with chips, when Hagar spied an old worn out flag basket, and drew it towards them. They both went to work, and soon filled the little basket, and Rosalia taking it up in her chubby arms began to toil up stairs with it. Hagar would have taken it from her—but "No, Hagar," said she, "I am afraid to go into the kitchen again. I'll carry this, and you go and steal a coal of fire, and bring the broom, so that we can sweep up the slop."

Hagar went into the kitchen, which she found vacant. Cumbo had gone to the spring. Taking a coal of fire in the tongs, and seizing the broom, she fled up stairs into the attic, where little Rose was already busied in clearing the damp rubbish from the fire-place. She received the coal from Hagar, and kneeling down, placed it on the hearth, collected around it the smallest chips, and blew it. A little blaze soon flickered on the hearth. She continued to add more chips as the weak flame would bear it. In the meantime Hagar had swept up the room. The storm had subsided. The little fire was burning cheeringly. The children drew the old trunk before it, and sat down, their arms around each other's waist; their little toes stretched out to the fire; their countenances wearing that satisfied consciousness of having toiled for and won the comforts they were enjoying. And after all, it was but a little fire in a dreary old attic. They were not permitted to enjoy this long. Steps were heard approaching their retreat. The door opened, and Tar, or as he called himself, Tarquinius Superbus—the colored boy of all work—entered. Rose ran to her basket of chips, and placed herself before it.

"What you dem do wid dat broom you stole from de kitchen, you little t'ieves, you? Nex' time you gim me trouble for come up here arter you dem's nonsense, I tell Mrs. Widders an' ef dat don't do I tell *Mr.* Widders—you see!"

With that he espied the broom, and in going around to take it, his eyes fell upon the little fire, and the small basket of chips. Poor Rose looked guilty and dismayed, but held desperately on to her property. Hagar watched him with a steady eye.

"My good gracious 'live!—did any *soul* ever see de like? What *will* Mr. Widders say? A-wastin' all de wood! Here's chips enough to kindle all de fires in de mornin'."

And with a prospective glance at his morning's work, when the basket of chips would be very convenient, the rude boy stooped down to take possession of the prize. Rosalia held tight her treasure. He jerked it from her, and in doing so, tore her little tender arms with the rough flags of the old basket. Having lost his temper in the struggle, the boy then went to the chimney, and taking the tongs, scattered the blazing chips, and raking the damp rubbish from the corners, extinguished the fire. Then with his prize he marched out of the room. Rose was sobbing and wiping the blood from her wounded arm. Hagar was still and silent, but the fire was kindling in her dark eyes; her gipsey blood was rising; at last she started after him, overtook him half way down the stairs, and seized the basket, he pulled it from her hold and fled, she pursuing him into the kitchen. To end the matter, he went up to the chimney, turned up the basket, and shook down the chips into the fire. Her gipsey blood was up! She ran to him as he was stooping over his work of wanton cruelty, and giving him a sudden push, sent him into the fire. The basket was crushed under his hands, and saved them from being badly burnt. He struggled, recovered himself, and arose. Just at this moment Cumbo re-entered the kitchen, and Rosalia, who had followed her cousin, came in.

"What's de matter now?" inquired the old woman.

Hagar was too proud and Rosalia too frightened to speak.

Tar gave an exaggerated account of the whole affair, as he brushed the smut and ashes from his sleeves. He dwelt particularly on the waste with which "de childer had burned up all de light wood for kindlin'."

Cumbo turned up the whites of her eyes in horror at the depredation.

"It was only a few little chips that we picked up, and they were damp; and see how he scratched my arms!" said Rosalia, holding them up to view.

Cumbo having sent in supper, felt herself in a better humor; and thought herself prepared to render judgment with marvellous impartiality and wisdom, which, seating herself, and resting her hands on her knees she did to the following effect:

"Tarquinius Perbus, you go right in house an' wait on table. Massa Widders he callin' for you. An' Rose, you petty little angel, you come here an' sit on old mammy's lap, and toast your poor little feety toes before dis nice fire; mammy's got a warm biscuit for you in her bosom, too. An' Hagar, you ugly, bad thing, you go long right tonight out dis here kitchen wid youself. You're so bad I can't a-bear you—but ugly people always is bad."

Now if she had said bad people always are ugly, she might have come nearer the truth, or at least taught a better lesson.

"I did not make myself; God made me," said Hagar.

"He didn't—He never made anything half so ugly and bad! De debil made you. *He* made my beautiful, lovely, good little Rose. Some ob dese days she shall be de President's wife, and you—you shall be her waitin' maid. Cause nobody's ever gwine to marry you—you're too ugly and hateful. Go long 'traight out dis here kitchen now. I don't want noffin 'tall to do wid you."

Hagar left the kitchen, casting back a look of inquiry at Rosalia; but the little girl was petted, coaxed flattered, and tempted by the warm fire, and the prospect of the nice biscuit, and preferred to keep her seat.

Hagar took her lonely way up the four flights of stairs that led to the attic. Arrived there, she sat down moodily upon the trunk, resting her elbows upon her knees, and holding her thin face between the palms of her hands; her black elf locks were hanging wildly about her shoulders, and her eyes were wide open, and fixed upon the floor in a stare. She was bitterly reflecting that with a really kind-hearted aunt she was suffering all the evils of orphanage—abused by menials, pinched with hunger, and half frozen with cold. She was wondering, too, how it was that the good God had made her so ugly that she could not be loved, and therefore could not be good. Poor child, she never dreamed of general admiration; she only wished to be loved; and she had no one to tell her that the beauty which wins permanent affection is the beauty of goodness; that goodness will soften the hardest, and intellect light up the dullest features; that though physical beauty may excite passion, and intellect attract admiration, only goodness can win everlasting love. Within the last few months, such scenes as I have described were constantly occurring, and their evil influence fell on all the children's after life. Some of the most serious defects in their character, some of the most deplorable errors in their conduct, and the most fatal misfortune of their lives, might be traced back to the injudicious, careless remarks of visitors, and the capricious blame or praise of servants, to whose care or neglect they were so much left. When I recollect the strong and decided bias given in childhood to my own character by people and circumstances over which I had no sort of control, and against whose evil influence I could make no sort of resistance; when I suffer by the effect of impressions received in infancy, which neither time, reason, nor religion have been able to efface—which only sorrow could impair by bruising the tablet; knowing as I know the tender impressibility of infancy, feeling as I feel the indelibility of such impressions, I tremble for the unseen influences that may surround my own young children—aye, even for the chance word dropped by stranger lips, and heard by infant ears; for that word may be a fruitful seed that shall spring up into a healthful vine, or a upas tree, twenty years after it was sown. Infancy is a fair page upon which you may write—goodness, happiness, heaven, or—sin, misery, hell. And the words once written, no chemical art can erase them. The substance of the paper itself must be rubbed through by the file of suffering before the writing can be effaced. Infancy is the soft metal in the moulder's hands; he may shape it in the image of a fiend, or the form of an angel—and when finished, the statue hardens into rock, which nothing but the hammer of God's providence can break; nothing but the fire of God's providence can melt for re-moulding.

CHAPTER XV.

GUSTY.

"Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lips resoundeth,
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief rebounded."
Mrs. Norton.

There she sat motionless. The only sounds were the beating of the rain against the windows, and the racing of the rats through the cuddies. At last the noise of footsteps tearing up the stairs, and a voice shouting a sea-song startled the wild girl—she looked up just as Gusty Wilde burst into the room, and running up to her, caught her around the neck and gave her a boisterous salute, exclaiming breathlessly,

"I just got home last night, Hagar! and have been wanting to run over and see you so much, but mother detained me this morning, and I couldn't, but you see as soon as the storm subsided a little I ran over here, 'specially as mother gives me a tea-party this evening in honor of my coming home. She has baked a plum cake and I have brought you home a monkey—so, Hagar, you must return with me. I came on purpose to fetch you—you won't be afraid to cross the swollen river."

He was a fine, noble looking boy, stoutly built, with a full face, rosy complexion, clear merry blue eyes, and an abundance of soft yellow curls clustering thick around a brow of almost feminine whiteness. He wore a sailor's blue jacket, white trowsers and tarpaulin hat. He looked at Hagar for her answer. Observing now for the first time the girl's disconsolate air, he sat down beside her, pulled off his tarpaulin hat, and placing it between his knees, put his arm quietly around the neck of the child, and kissing her dark brow gently, inquired,

"Hagar, what is the matter?"

She did not reply, but remained in her first posture with her elbows on her knees, her chin propped up by her hands, and her black elf locks streaming down each side of her face. He gently put her hair back from her face, and tucking it behind her ears, asked kindly,

"Where is Rosalia, Hagar, and why are you up here in this cold, damp room alone?"

"How did you know that I was here?"

"I met Tarquinius in the entry as I came in the house, and inquiring for you the first one, he told me you were here—then I ran in, upset Father Withers in my haste, kissed Sophie, and breaking away ran up here to find you. But where is Rosalia? I expected to find her with you?"

"Rosalia is in old Cumbo's lap warming herself before the kitchen fire, and eating biscuits—and I—am I not always alone—when storms and floods drive me to the house; but *they*," added she, "shall not send me in again, the wild beasts bear their raging, and so will I."

"Why don't you stay in the parlor?"

"In the parlor," laughed the girl, bitterly; "Mr. Withers's mastiffs and bull-dogs stay in the parlor, the old tabby cat reposes on the rug before the parlor fire, and Aunt Sophie's pet rabbit has its cushion in the corner, but I, I am a parlor ornament, ain't I?"

"Oh! Hagar, don't do so! it is so very ugly in a little girl to act that way, laughing and jibing and jeering with so much scorn and bitterness. Now, tell me why you are banished from the parlor, if you are banished."

"Look at me! this is the best suit of clothes I have in the world—do you think Mr. Withers is going to let me stay in the parlor looking like this, strict as he is?"

Gusty glanced down at her torn and rusty calico dress—and at her, and at her little feet protruding through her old stockings and shoes. Then he said seriously, as he looked at her,

"Lord, Hagar, I don't know now how I shall take you in that trim. But why, child, did you not stay at the kitchen fire with Rose. That would

have been far more comfortable than this wet, cold street."

"I was driven from the kitchen, Gusty—driven from the kitchen because I paid Tarquin well for hurting Rosalie—and only think, Gusty, *just* think, Rosalie, who should have stuck to me, remained with the old woman who drove me off for protecting *her*," and the girl turned her eyes flashing with scorn and bitterness towards the boy, who remarked—

"Rose did that, Hagar? It was not like Rose to do that. I shall not love Rose if she becomes mean and selfish; but it can't be so; something remains to be explained."

"Oh, yes!" laughed the wild child, "something remains to be explained—she was hungry and cold—and Combo offered to feed and warm her."

How unusual and how frightful is a sneer on a child's countenance, and oh! what a tale of perverted nature it tells! After a while her countenance relapsed into its serious cast, and she said,

"Since you left, Gusty, I have been quite alone; every body has fallen away from me and gone to Rosalie. Every one dislikes or forgets me, and every one loves Rosalie."

"I have not fallen away from you, Hagar."

"No, dear Gusty, you have not—perhaps you will, though, when you see more of Rose—" added she, sadly and doubtingly.

There was springing in her bosom the germ of that doubt of all things and all persons that in after life became a distinguishing and fatal trait in her character. Children are born with trust.—The confidingness of childhood is proverbial, but like all other childish instincts it is young and delicate and easily crushed to death. Children *feel* before they can *reason*, and the impressions of childhood being well nigh ineffaceable, the deceived and betrayed child is often parent to the sceptical and scoffing man or woman.

"I will never fall away from you, Hagar, nor can I see how Rosalie can draw me away. Can't I love you *both*? And now, little Hagar, you must let me comb your hair and take you over to mother's to tea. I should like to take Rose, too, but she is too tender to brave the weather this evening."

And in all simplicity he took from his pocket a little comb, and began to comb out Hagar's elf-locks. With wondrous skill he smoothed and arranged her long hair into a simple knot behind her head, and passing his hands two or three times over the surface of her hair, said cheerfully,

"There, now, you little thing, why don't you take pains with yourself? You look so much prettier, now that your hair is shining like blue-black satin, so that I can see my face in it. And, oh, you Hagar! how I wish that they would let you come and live with my mother; mother wants a little girl so much, especially if I get my midshipman's warrant and go to sea again. Oh, if you were only with mother, how good and happy she would make you—and you would grow pretty, too, for good girls always grow pretty. There! you are smiling; do you happen to know that you have the most beautiful smile in the world, Hagar?"

"I know that Rosalie has, for every body says so."

"Yes, Rose has a sweet, soft smile, like summer sunbeams on flowers; pretty enough, and common enough; but *your* smile, Hagar—I'll tell you what your smile is like. I have been at sea, near a wild coast full of frightful breakers, shelving rocks, dark cliffs and murky caverns; with a stormy sea, a blackened sky, the whole landscape dark, gloomy and terrible, until suddenly out breaks the sun, lighting up the scene which then becomes wild, grand, sublime! Such is your face, and such your smile, Hagar. I gaze breathless at the wild beauty of both."

Just at this moment into the room broke Rosalie, and running up to Hagar threw her arms about her neck, exclaiming, breathlessly, while she thrust a biscuit into her hands,

"Here, here, Hagar! I only just waited till she gave me the biscuit she promised, and then I came away and brought it to you! Here, here, take it Hagar! I ain't hungry—no, not a bit."

Thus would the sweet child's native goodness sometimes break through the shell of selfishness that was crusting over it. Hagar, with one of her quick revulsions of feeling, burst into tears, and pressed the little one to her bosom, and Gusty snatching her up in his arms, gleefully exclaimed, while he ran around the room with her,

"There, there, there! Hurrah! I knew it! I could have sworn my soul away upon the soundness of my little Rosebud! I knew there was not a really selfish drop of blood in little Rose's tender heart!"

Then returning and setting her down, he said,—"Come, the rain has quite ceased, the sun is setting in golden glory, mother's cake is done, and her tea is ready, and she is waiting for me, I know. Come, Rose shall go, too. I will carry her in my arms. And Hagar, you little savage, you can trip on before, and when I have got you both safe at the cottage, I can send word to Sophie, and keep you all night." So saying, he led the children from the attic.

Emily May was seated in the sober glory of her neat parlor, awaiting the return of Gusty. The round tea table was covered with a white damask cloth, and graced by a little silver tea service.—The plum cake stood in the centre. It was with surprise and pain that she received the children. Ignorant of the cause of Sophie's neglect of them, she blamed her in her heart for it, and determined upon the next day to ride over and use an old friend's privilege of speaking to her upon the subject. The next day that visit was made, and Emily saw the wasted, sorrowing, patient look of her friend—the truth was partly guessed, and she proposed to take the children, and especially Hagar, under her own surveillance. To this proposition, Sophie tearfully and gratefully acceded.—Encouraged by having gained this point, and incited by her love of children, she went a step further and proposed that both the children should be sent to the cottage as pupils, and share with Gusty the instructions of the young curate, her boarder. This plan was submitted to the decision of Mr. Withers, and having received his acquiescence, was immediately carried into effect. Soon the most favorable change was apparent in the children. Rosalie's beauty bloomed like her type, the rose, refreshed by showers and sunbeams. Hagar's black hair no longer hung rusty with exposure, in tangled elf locks over her shoulders, but was banded in satin-like folds. Their characters also seemed to undergo modification. Hagar retained all individuality, her brave, free, wild spirit, her other amazonian tastes, but lost the harshness and bitterness that made no part of *it*. Rosalie retained all her delicacy, her tenderness, yes, and sensuality, but lost the selfishness not native to her gentle character, or at least these things *seemed* so. The evils growing in the children's hearts were *cut down*—whether they were *uprooted* or not is doubtful. Seeds of evil once taking root in children's hearts are almost irradicable. Years past away.

There are times when the current of existence frets and boils along the rocky channel of anxiety, among the rugged crags of care, grief and wrong; there are times when it dashes thundering over the precipice of some awful crime or calamity—times when it stagnates in the fetid marshes of indolence and despair—times when it winds on between the verdant banks of peace and amid the blooming isles of pleasure, and times when scarce marked by rugged crag or verdant isle, it flows on without joy or sorrow, straight towards the ocean of eternity. Even thus calmly flowed the life-stream of Sophie. Relieved from gnawing anxiety upon the children's account, she was able to give a more cheerful attention to her husband, and soon the most happy effects were apparent. The gloom into which he had fallen was dissipated by the sunshine of her smiles. She now became conscious of a calm, pure and holy affection for him, such as angels may be supposed to feel for sorrowing man—such as we feel for objects we have cursed and cherished. This sentiment deepened into tenderness as she saw—what she could not fail to see—that as the rays of intellect emanated clear and clearer from his brain, they but served to reveal the blackness of the shadow of death gathering thick and thicker around him. And it was beautiful yet sorrowful to see how as the sun of reason shone forth, all those clouds and fogs of selfishness and suspicion vanished from his mind. This is not strange or even unusual in the history of mental disease. It is a well known fact that insanity frequently entirely reverses the natural character; thus, under its influence the disinterested grow selfish and exacting, while the selfish become generous, the timid bold and the bold timid—and most frequently the gentle and sensitive grow harsh and violent. His gloom softened into sadness, into seriousness, into resignation, which soon brightened into gentle cheerfulness, which but one thing in the world could ruffle, the sight of Rosalie Aguilar; then indeed the tide of memory, laden with bitterness, would flow over his soul filling it with sorrow. Upon this account Rosalie became a permanent inmate of Grove Cottage; while Hagar, no longer repulsed by the caprices of his disease, became his most assiduous and next to Sophie his best beloved nurse and companion. Thus they "brightened the links of love, of sympathy;" *and this returning confidence and affection of her uncle, gave Hagar the antidote for the poison of her soul.* Thenceforth in Hagar's vision "anger, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness," were greater or less degrees of moral insanity. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PEWTER MUGS.—Green copperas is used in the manufacture of porter, to produce a "head;" the galvanic influence of the copperas and the metal of the mug on the lips, forming, as it were, the natural elements of a galvanic pile, gives the liquor a peculiar "twang," appreciated by the lovers of malt.

☞ "Well, Alick, how's your brother like getting along these times?" "Oh, first-rate—got a *good start* in the world; married a widow who has nine children."

MACAULAY AND HIS REVIEWERS.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review contains an article on Macaulay's History. From internal evidence it is attributed, and with great probability, to Jeffrey, who has come forward with a calm and judicial summing up of the various points that have been stated affecting Macaulay's character as an impartial and credible writer. In the Historian the reviewer recognises the champion of the Old Whig Doctrines of 1688, destined finally to disperse the mists of sentimental Jacobitism, which originating with the party and personal feelings of Rome, gained enlarged currency when adopted and graced by the genius of Scott, "who gave a local and abiding reality to the received perversions of history," till the stern truths on which both parties in the State were agreed, so long as the questions at stake were real and practical, were obscured and misapprehended.

"Now, one great triumph Mr. Macaulay has gained for this and for future generations, is, that he has dispersed for ever this brood of distempered fancies. From the broad and searching light of truth which he has poured in they have shrunk and crept away, never more to profane that sacred temple of constitutional liberty:

'Celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
Semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt.'

"He has brought back the public mind, with a bold and irresistible grasp, to sound, wholesome English views of the great crisis of *our* constitutional rights—cleansing our history from the mass of rubbish and falsehood by which it had been obscured, and sweeping into eternal forgetfulness the sickly sentiment which still hung round the memory of a race of incorrigible kings. He has restored the much-abused term of loyalty to its true signification—allegiance to the laws and constitution, and high magistracy of the realm; and extinguished, as we hope and believe for ever, the childish adoration of the mere abstraction or impersonation of loyalty."

The peculiarities that distinguish this History from all our other works in the same class of composition are well brought out. Its intense earnestness, its glowing sense of reality, and "its great excellence, the masterly adaptation of known facts to a connection and systematic vein of the History they compose, and the bearing of that History on the future fortunes of the country."

As was to be expected, notice is taken of the attack by the Quarterly Reviewer on Macaulay—sufficient instances of sheer blundering are given to justify our remarks at the time that the critic himself was open to much of the correction he attempted to administer. It may gratify the admirers of that article (and we have heard of such) to know that the only matter of fact error pointed out in it was, that Sir Winston Churchill is called a Baronet when he was only a Knight, "and this error was corrected in four thousand copies in full circulation three months before this critique saw the light."

CRUELTIES OF THE AUSTRIAN CHIEFS.

The Austrian Generals are said to be monsters of cruelty. General Haynau recently burned down a whole town except the church, because he suspected that some of the inhabitants gave information to the Hungarians. The London Sun says that thousands have been executed, prisoners of war have been subjected to intolerable cruelties, have been scourged in the public squares, and incarcerated in terrible dungeons; property has been confiscated; villages have been committed to the flames; towns have been bombarded; cities have been rased to the ground; a gibbet has been permanently erected at Presburg; whole provinces have been ravaged and desolated; the green crops have been trampled under the hoofs of the cavalry, and under the wheels of the artillery; the ripe crops have been burnt wantonly; agriculture, commerce, religion, all have alike been outraged and condemned. The same paper relates the following fearful instance:

"One of the latest of the diabolical acts of cruelty which are day by day adding fresh infamy to the name of Haynau, is the dastardly and untimely execution of the principal member of one of the noblest families of Hungary, Baron Ladislaus Medniansky. On that scaffold which has been permanently raised on a hill visible from nearly all parts of Presburg, on that gibbet which has reeked with blood almost as copiously as the guillotine on the Place de Greve perished prematurely, in his thirty-second year, the husband of a once happy lady, the father of two young children, the head of an illustrious house, the heroic commander of the garrison of Leopoldstadt. Our heart leaps up within us when we hear how the young noble at the foot of the gallows addressed himself to the assembled multitude, and how, when the hangman endeavored to stop his mouth with his hand, Medniansky struck the executioner a blow in the face, saying, 'Your duty is to hang me, but I will not suffer your hand to touch me beyond the performance of that duty. In three weeks the Hungarians will be in Presburg; they will then avenge my death!'"

Clippings.

☞ The fact that there are persons so utterly destitute of the commonest instinct of honor, as to open a letter addressed to a stranger, and accidentally picked up in the streets, is presumptive evidence of the truth of the doctrine of eternal punishment.

☞ One of the "Own Correspondents" reports that "the French entered Rome amid universal acclamations."

"Very like a wall!"—*Punch.*

☞ The amount of California Gold received at the Mint, up to Monday week, exceeds one million seven hundred thousand dollars.

☞ Charles Avery, a wealthy and philanthropic citizen of Alleghany City, is erecting a large edifice at his own expense, for the purpose of founding a college for the benefit of colored people.

☞ The women in England are asserting their rights. They have established a Club in Salisbury for cricket playing, and at the last advices a match was about to be played between two elevens, one consisting of married and the other of single women.

☞ Adams & Co., the Express Agents, have established a branch of their line at San Francisco, and are prepared to forward merchandise and packages to and from that point, and to take charge of any consignments of gold that parties on the Pacific may desire to transmit. This is a well-advised arrangement.

☞ CHOLERATIC PHYSICIAN.—Shortly after the appearance of the Cholera in New York, one of the physicians had a card engraved expressly for the occasion on which he termed himself a "Choleratic Physician."

☞ An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think that such a one followed his conscience. "Yes, (said his Grace) I think he does follow it, as a man does a horse and gig; he DRIVES IT FIRST."

☞ It is said that an ingenious Yankee is about to take to California a large number of *laying hens*. Eggs sell at San Francisco for three hundred dollars a dozen. He thinks they will lay enough on the voyage to make him independent immediately on his arrival.

☞ A man in China has been imprisoned for laughing at the Secretary of the Board, whose diminutive stature caused the merriment.

☞ BAPTISMAL.—A poor woman in one of the Middle States, who *lisped*, carried her daughter to church for baptism. Being asked its name by the bishop, she replied, "Luthy sir." "What?" says the doctor. "Luthy sir," says she. "Lucifer, Lucifer; that won't do," says the bishop, and baptized the child George Washington. The poor mother, confounded, could not speak until near the church door, when she told the parson the infant was a girl.

☞ Ninety thousand land warrants have been issued to soldiers who served in the Mexican war, giving away to them as a bounty 13,800,000 acres. Estimating the value of this land at $1,25 an acre, we have an aggregate of $17,250,000.

☞ PRETTY GOOD.—A story is going the rounds, of a political aspirant in Indiana, who, mounting the stand to make a political speech, commenced with, "Fellow-citizens, notwithstanding my youthful appearance, *I am the father of two children!*"

☞ Two persons in New York have been making a profitable business of suing owners of licensed steamboats for a violation of the law of Congress, requiring the name of the boat to be painted on the stern in white letters on a black ground. The law is not complied with by having the name placed on the wheel-house.

☞ Wire-work is now being successfully substituted for wood laths in the ceiling of houses and public buildings. The wire is either galvanised or immersed in a chemical preparation, which prevents it from corrosion.

☞ All qualities, good and bad, improve by exercise. Even courage is in a good degree the result of circumstances. Nearly all persons would be courageous if exposed from their infancy to danger and hardship.

☞ Preparations are actively making for raising the great tubular railway bridge across the Menai Straits to its proper place. A dead weight of 2,000 tons is to be lifted 100 feet.

☞ At Mariettaville, Md., immense quarries of soap stone have been discovered, which have given rise to the manufacture of a variety of articles, the utility of which is obvious.

☞ A chap has been doing the good people of Detroit by selling them white horse hair rings, at fifty cents a-piece, representing that the hair was pulled from the tail of the famous old "Whitey," of General Taylor's.

☞ The "*proud Duke*" of Somerset, as he was called, used to say that he pitied Adam, because he had no ancestors.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

This story is making, as we predicted, a great sensation. Each successive number of our paper is seized with avidity, every one being anxious to continue the history of Mr. Withers and Sophie—while a new interest is now beginning to arise in "Gusty," Rosalie, Raymond, and that child of genius and passion, Hagar.

The reflections interspersed in the story, are most justly conceived and eloquently worded. In the present paper, we would refer especially to the remarks bearing upon the education of children.—The concluding paragraph of Chapter XIV., is eloquently impressive.

Mrs. Swisshelm, of the "Saturday Visiter," pronounces "The Deserted Wife," "*the very best story now in course of publication in this country, written by the very best story writer this country claims.*" Our own opinion of Mrs. Southworth as a writer, may be found in another column, in a notice of her story of "Retribution," which has just been published by the Harpers'.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Canada we have Liverpool dates to the 11th ultimo. There has been an advance of from ⅛d. to ¼d. in Cotton—the extreme advance is most conspicuous in middling and lower qualities. Owing to the favorable reports of the English crops, the grain markets are depressed and declining. All fear of the potato rot has subsided—the early crop in Ireland is large and sound.

The news still continues on the whole favorable to Hungary. The Hungarians still maintain the line of the Theiss. Gorgey was reported to be somewhere about Tokay, his line extending along the Carpathians, and guarding the passes by which the Russian General, Paskiewitch, entered Hungary. Bem is reported to have gained another great victory over the combined Austrian and Russian forces in the South East. The latter are said to have fled precipitately from the field, leaving 19,000 dead and wounded, nearly all their artillery, and 6,000 prisoners. Bem then took possession of Hermanstadt and Cronstadt. This account is probably exaggerated.

The plans of the Hungarians now begin to develope themselves. Every one wondered that while the rest of the frontier was strenuously defended, the most difficult of access of all, the Northern frontier, was left comparatively open. Dembinski, to whom was entrusted its defence, never seriously opposed the progress of Paskiewitch, but moved to one side, allowed him to enter the country, and then fell into his rear. Paskiewitch having thus been permitted to carry out his plan of joining with the Austrian forces in the centre of Hungary, he was not further allowed the pleasure of encircling the Hungarians with a wall of bristling bayonets. Gorgey, at the appointed moment, abandoned his strange inactivity, fell upon Paskiewitch at Waitzen, broke through his line of communications, captured his provisionary depot (including the Russian General's baggage), and thus placed the Russians between two fires, in the midst of a hostile population, in somewhat of the same predicament that they had intended for the Hungarians. It appears probable now that the decisive moment has come. It looks reasonable to suppose that the design of the Hungarians now is to crush Paskiewitch and what Austrian support he may have, before the arrival of the Russian reserves, which have already been ordered to enter Hungary. We shall be surprised if a *few weeks* more does not bring us the news of the complete rout and perhaps capture of the Russian army, or else cause us to hang our free banners with crape, in outward show of our sorrow for a great reverse to Hungary.

The Hungarian garrison of Comorn has not been inactive during these operations. A party of infantry and Hussars lately sallied out, surprised the garrison of Raab (which is only 70 miles from Vienna) and captured 80,000 bushels of oats, 2,400 head of cattle, and large stores of miscellaneous provisions, besides taking some cannon and prisoners. The same or another party, we know not which, also surprised Dotish, capturing the Austrian mails and a large quantity of silver. These accounts prove that the Austrian lines of communication along the Danube are in almost as critical a position as those of the Russians. The Austrians as well as the Russians may find that the plan of striking at the heart of Hungary may end in involving themselves in a net from which there will be no escape.

There is a report in the English papers, avowedly originating at Pesth, that the Hungarian Diet had met in Szegedin, and that it had been determined to substitute the monarchical for the republican form of government. It was not decided whether the crown should be offered to a "Coburg or to an Archduke." The perilous position of Hungary may have led the Diet to such a determination, and yet we are inclined to doubt the story particularly as it does not seem to us very probable that any European prince of royal blood would accept the crown, and thus give offence to Austria and Russia, even if it should be proffered.

The Austrian government has ordered another conscription of 15 men out of every 10,000 inhabitants of the Empire. Gen. Haynau has sacked and burned another Hungarian city. Gen. Dembinski is reported to have entered Gallicia, and obtained a victory over the Russian General Freytag—this does not look probable.

We have nothing final yet from Rome. Gen. Oudinot has been recalled—one account says, because he did not please the Pope—another, that he was not liberal enough in his ideas. The Commissioners named by the Pope had arrived at Rome, and commenced proceedings by dissolving the whole of the Roman army—even the troops which had remained faithful to the Pope.

Garibaldi has defeated the Austrians—another account says that the Austrians have defeated him. He has, it is said, laid down his arms in the little Republic of San Marino, and claimed the protection of that Republic. A queer story this. He has been joined by "*a great many* Hungarians." Still queerer—where did they come from?

Venice still holds out. At the last advices, there was only a month's provisions in the city. A French paper says: "We have received information that three U. S. ships entered Venice with money and provisions for the besieged." The nomination of General D'Aspre, who is noted for his severity, to the command of the besieging troops, has caused great terror in the city.

The Treaty of Peace between Austria and Piedmont was signed on the 6th ult., at Milan. A partial amnesty was proclaimed at Milan on the 5th. One of the English papers says: "This is unfortunate for the Hungarians, since it will enable the Austrian army, under Radetzky, to leave Sardinia and join the invaders." We think the present campaign will be decided before Radetzky can reach Hungary.

The deficit in the French treasury on the 1st of January next, will be about $100,000,000. The expenditures of 1850 are estimated at 1,590,000,000 francs, and the receipts at 1,270,000,000, leaving a deficiency of 320,000,000 francs, including the tax on portable liquors. To meet these difficulties a new loan and fresh taxes are proposed—nothing is said of retrenchment and reform.

In the Assembly on the 5th, there was a long and exciting debate upon Italian affairs. M. Favre and M. de Tocqueville were the principal speakers. Both these gentlemen were very brilliant and effective, and were warmly applauded by their respective parties. M. Favre seems to have assumed Ledru Rollin's position as leader of the opposition. At the conclusion of the debate, a division took place, when there appeared a vote of 426 for the order of the day, against 176. Majority for the Ministry, 250.

The President has returned to Paris from his visit to Loire. He was to attend the opening of one or two lines of railway connected with Strasburg and Lyons, and then pay a visit to Havre and the Northern provinces.

The rumor relative to a meditated *coup de etat* to change the form of the Government, has reached such a height, that in his speech to the people of one of the towns, the President referred to the subject. He said:

"It is pretended in Paris that the Government meditates some enterprise similar to the 18th Brumaire. Are we then in the same circumstances? Have foreign armies invaded our territory? Is France torn by war? Is the law without vigor, and the Government without force? No! we are not in a condition to necessitate such heroic remedies."

The above will not be very satisfactory to the Republicans of France. The plain inference is, that under different circumstances (which may not be very distant) Louis Napoleon would think himself justified in resorting to the "*heroic remedy*" of overturning the present Constitution, and establishing a more arbitrary form of Government.

Some of the French journals insist that the visit of the President to the Western provinces was a failure, and that his reception, although warm, was not enthusiastic, and in fact, that that part of the country at least, is not ripe for an imperial revolution, whatever it may be for a change to a monarchy.

As a sign of the times, it is announced, that a new political journal will appear in Paris on the 29th of September, and that it will represent the opinions of the extreme legitimist party.

The following is perhaps the most arbitrary and unjust measure yet perpetrated by the present falsely-called Republican Government of France:

General GEMEAU, commander of the garrison of Lyons, has, in consequence of the state of siege, closed five shops opened in Lyons by the Society of United Operatives for the sale of bread, wine, groceries, pork, butchers' meat, &c. This is the first instance of the authorities having interfered with commercial speculations, in consequence of the political opinions of the traders.

A treaty of peace and commerce has been concluded between Great Britain and the Republic of Liberia.

The London Sun announces the receipt of subscriptions for the refugee Hungarians, to the amount of £733 8s. 11½d. A meeting for sympathy in the Hungarian cause was held in Edinburgh, August 6th, the Lord Provost in the chair.

The Cholera still continues severe in London—the deaths from "all diseases" are nearly double the usual average.

General Scott's letter on annexation, is exciting the ire of some of the London papers. The London Chronicle says: "Canada is discontented, and the General is a candidate for the American Presidency."

The reception of the Queen at Cork, Kingston, and Dublin, was flattering and enthusiastic in the highest degree. The wild clamorous shouts of Her Majesty's Irish subjects was, it is said, a sound that will be recollected forever. The whole city of Dublin was illuminated—all classes down to the very lowest, seeming full of loyalty and enthusiasm. If there were any manifestations of discontent, no notice of them appears in any of the English papers. Every one seemed to be desirous to be loudest and noisiest in bestowing the most fulsome adulation upon the Queen, her consort and children. The royal children were objects of universal attention and admiration. "Oh, Queen, dear!" screamed a stout old lady, "make one of them Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you!" Even the patriotic "Freeman's Journal" says: "Never had a Queen such a levee as our Queen," and its farewell is—"Come often—come soon—come for a long time!" The Irish are like the Jews in one respect—they are evidently "a *peculiar* people." Very! But we must remember that the Irish heart always was tinder to the bright eyes of women.

RECOGNITION OF HUNGARY.

An article recently appeared in the "North American," of this city—a paper which is generally supposed to speak the sentiments of Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State—in relation to the recognition of Hungary, the tone of which we do not like. The article takes the ground that the result of the present campaign will probably determine the ability of the Hungarians to maintain their Independence, and that it will be time when they have shown this ability, to recognise Hungary as one of the great family of nations. It is argued that events have proved that the recognition of the French Republic and of the Germanic Confederation was too precipitate, and that it is well under the circumstances, that the short-lived Republic of Rome was not recognised.

Against the whole of this course of reasoning we enter our deliberate protest. We see nothing ridiculous in the fact that we have recognised Governments of but a *few* months, or even a few weeks, duration—nothing to be ashamed of before the other nations of the earth. If we knew Hungary would be prostrate at the foot of her brutal assailants before another month had passed, we should say, For the sake of Heaven and the Right, let us lose no time in avowing our belief, in the face of her oppressors, that she is fighting in a most just and holy cause.

The Secretary of State, if the article in question be an index to his opinions, appears not to perceive the essential reason for moving speedily in this business—which is, to throw our moral influence on the side of Hungary in *the moment of her greatest peril.*

The "*prudent hesitation*" of the "*wise Government*" of England is referred to and commended. The Government of England *is* a "wise Government"—we acknowledge it; but it does not follow that what is wisdom and consistency for England, is either wisdom or consistency for us. Any American Secretary of State who has not the nerve and sagacity to throw overboard precedents and examples when they conflict with the peculiar position of the American people in this Nineteenth Century, is not qualified for his high office.

We make these remarks upon the supposition that the article in question is an exponent of the views of Mr. Clayton. If it is not, what we have said will do equally well as an answer to the "North American." We have no enmity of any kind against the Secretary of State. We should be glad to learn that he holds opinions of a different character from those we have alluded to—opinions more worthy of an *American* statesman. We should be glad to hear that he is only awaiting the arrival of the credentials of Count Wass, to recognise the Independence of Hungary, and the authority of Congress, to send an envoy of the United States to that struggling country. We do not find fault with necessary delays—we only remonstrate against unnecessary ones, and especially against that course of reasoning which would lead Republican America to occupy the same cold-blooded position as Aristocratic England.

FLORIDA.

We have received a letter from "F. F. L.," of Jacksonville, East Florida, stating that the Indian outrages were entirely unprovoked by the Whites. He says that he hopes the present war will be "one of extermination or expatriation." The Indians, up to the date of his letter, August 19th, had murdered a settler on Indian River, wounded Mr. Russell, burnt a trading house at Tampa Bay, killing two men there and wounding another, and murdered Captain English and his family. These were the only outrages as yet authenticated.—There was a doubtful report that the Indians had made their appearance in a thickly settled portion of the country. Eight companies of mounted State volunteers were already in the field—and we perceive that various companies of United States troops are on their march to Florida.

Whether such outrages as are above detailed owe their origin in the first place to the aggressions of the Whites or not, we see no other practical remedy for them than the removal of the Indians.

IMPARTIAL TESTIMONY.

A New York correspondent of the Washington Union bears the following testimony to the superiority of the Philadelphia weekly press—a testimony which is endorsed by the verdict of the Union at large. He says:

Our press is in the habit of boasting its superiority over their cotemporaries the country over. Yet I doubt whether in proportion to the amount of "copy" inserted, half as much sheer trifling and demoralising trash is published in the newspapers of any other American city. In Philadelphia, for instance, the weeklies are filled with light literature of a far higher order than the blackguard sketches and dirty police reports making up too many columns of nine-tenths of those printed nominally for the same end in New York.

CUBA.

It is rumored that the Home Squadron is already on its way to Cuba, with instructions relative to the abduction of Rey. The "Washington Union" says:

"If such a portentous movement has been made by the government, it may lead to the most serious consequences. We may be nearer a war with Spain than any one has dreamed of, or supposed possible. We wait anxiously for further developments."

We apprehend not the least danger of a war with Spain from such a "*portentous* movement." What mountains these partisan papers, on both sides, do make out of molehills!

COWPER.

Talking of pronunciation in another article, reminded us that there was scarcely a name so universally mis-pronounced in this country—that is if the poet's own pronunciation should be accepted as the right one—as that of Cowper. Cowper, in England, we are informed, is always pronounced *Coo-per*, and the poet rhymes it as if it was spelled Coo-per in one of his poems.

GREENWOOD LEAVES.

A collection of Grace Greenwood's writings is shortly to be published, under the appropriate title of "Greenwood Leaves." We notice that a volume of Lectures and Essays, by the Rev. Henry Giles, is also in press. The "Greenwood Leaves" will probably "go off" this Fall as rapidly as the leaves of the greenwood.

HUNGARIAN NAMES.

The editor of the Tribune, who has probably been "booked up" by one who knows, gives the following information relative to the correct pronunciation of Hungarian names:

Kossuth is pronounced as if written Kosh-oot, (oo as in moon); Georgey is not like Georgie, the diminutive of George, but as if written Gayor-gay—at least, that is the best way we can think of for conveying an idea of the vowel sound in the first syllable; the vowel itself we have not in English. The name is sometimes spelt *Goergey*, which is totally wrong; if you want to spell it after the German fashion, it must be *Gorgey*, as Göthe is sometimes written Goethe.

The name of Count Wass, the envoy in this country, is pronounced Vosh; that of Nadgy Sandor, the famous Magyar cavalry officer, is Nodj Shandor, the a in the second name (which, by the way, is the Christian name—the Hungarians always put the surname first—and means Alexander) being pronounced as a in *far*; Magyar is Mod-yar; Acs is like *arch* with the r left out; Debreczen (this is the true spelling of the word, though the Germans, from whom we copy, write the last syllable with t) is Debret-sane; Miskolcz is Mish kolch; Bistritz (the Germans write it Bistricz) is Bistrits; Szekler is Seke-ler; Szegedin is Segedin; Csorna is Chorna; Saros is Sharosh, (a as in far.) Pesth is properly Posht, but the German pronunciation, Pest, universally prevails in other countries.

Bacska is Batch-ka (a as in far.) Kecskemet is Ketch-ke mate. Czegled is Cheg-led. Percsel is Pertsel, the e in the first syllable being as in the first syllable of *derry*. Bekes is Bay kaysh. Aszod is Ah-sode. Temesvar is Temesh-var (the a as in far.) Gyongyos is—a stumper, and we defy any man to describe the way it is pronounced, so that another can pronounce it aright from the description. Those who can't find any one to teach them the sounds orally, must content themselves with a provisional pronunciation till they can. Szony is not so much unlike Siane-yi as a barn-door. but then it is by no means the same thing. Gödollo is something like Gay-dol-leh, but not exactly.

There are a good many German names in Hungary, both of men and places, which are pronounced according to German rules, as for instance, Theiss, (pronounced *Tice*,) the Magyar name of that river is Tisza, (*Tee-sa*.) There are also a good many Sclavonic names, which also have their own rules, as for instance, Tol latch itch, with the emphasis on the second syllable. Kossuth is also a Sclavonic name, but has been Magyarized. Kuicjonia is Kue-nich-yan-la.

We are tempted to advise our readers to thoroughly master the above, and then, knowing as much as most people, resolutely persist in pronouncing these names according to the English idiom. As a correspondent of the Newark Advertiser well says:

Who, while speaking in English, ever pronounces Louis Philippe thus—*Looee Pheeleep*, as it should be? or Leon Faucher thus *Layong Foeshay*; or Odilon Barrot thus—*Odeelong Barrow*; or, who in speaking of Paris, calls it *Paree*; or Lyons—*Leeong*; or Milan—*Meelano*; or Florence—*Fiorenza*; or Leghorn—*Livorno*. Yet, nearly thus would the natives respectively pronounce. It may be doubted if there be two booksellers in the Union who, if asked for *Don Key-sow-tay*, (Don Quixote,) would not answer that they never heard of such a work.

We remember that when that eloquent lecturer, Henry Giles, delivered his course on Don Quixote in this city, some curiosity was felt as to whether he would use the common anglicized pronunciation, or whether he would conform to the Spanish idiom. Mr. Giles gave the weight of his sanction to the general custom.

It has been said that John Quincy Adams, certainly no mean authority, anglicized even words that are almost universally pronounced by educated men according to their foreign idioms. His opinion was, if we are rightly informed, that it was well that some general rule should prevail—that either *all* foreign words should be anglicized, or *none*—and that it was better to anglicise all, as being conformable to old and common custom, and to common sense as opposed to pedantry.

Certainly, in the matter of Hungarian, Polish, and Russian names, if we expect to understand each other in conversation at all, we must anglicize them as well as we can. The attempt to pronounce them according to their own idioms, will be attended with the most ridiculous consequences. As will be seen by the above extract from the Tribune, it is impossible to convey the correct pronounciation of certain Hungarian words, except by the living teacher. It may do for scholars, in conversation among themselves, to mystify one another with curious modifications of such inscrutable sounds, but when they descend to converse with the common run of people, they should talk so as to be understood. And we see not how this is to be done, if the old practice of anglicising foreign words, especially those of Hungarian, Polish, and Russian origin, be abandoned. Still we are open to conviction, and would willingly give place to anything that can be well said upon the opposite side of the question.

POSTAGE.

A party of gentlemen in Boston, calling themselves the "Cheap Postage Association," have issued a circular proposing certain changes of the postage laws as respects newspapers.

We should be, in common with other proprietors of newspapers, exceedingly obliged to the aforesaid "Cheap Postage Association," if they would not bother their brains by meddling with a subject of which they apparently have very little knowledge. "Cheap Postage" is a very desirable thing, but the experience of last year fully proved that it might be adopted in such a shape as to seriously injure every paper in the country. What with the sapient Cave Johnson's "*dry* papers"—*dry* enough they would be—and the plans of "prepayment" of certain Congressional solons, we had such a fright that we are quite willing for the present to bear the ills we have, rather than to run the risk of others of an utterly ruinous character.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

We would call the attention of those desirous of acquiring the French language, to the advertisement of Mr. Picot's school, in our advertising columns. It is quite natural that a new impulse should now be given to the study of the French language and literature, as many highly respectable French families are already emigrating to this country, to fix their residence in a land where quiet can be enjoyed under the supremacy of law.

The learning of a living language, so as to read, speak and write it with fluency and ease, implies a great deal of first rate mental discipline. And as this is, as we are assured, the first requisite in Mr. Picot's school, where literature and science are studied in text books in the English language, and recited in French, the pupils are distinguished not only by accurate knowledge in the usual branches of education, but great proficiency in French conversation and the French literature. Of the regulations of the school, which is instructed jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Picot, a friend who knows, speaks in the highest terms.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Nothing has yet been heard of Sir John Franklin's Expedition. An English vessel has been stationed in a proper position to communicate with and relieve the wants of the Expedition, in case it succeeds in finding its way through Behring's Straits from the East.

We should be obliged to some one to inform us what good is expected to be derived from this hazardous Expedition, beyond the mere verification of the fact that there is a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the northern coast of North America. Of course knowledge is desirable for its own sake, if you "pay not too dear for the whistle."

PATRICK HENRY.

The following curious passage occurs in a letter of William Wirt's, the biographer of Patrick Henry, which was written while he was engaged on the life of that distinguished orator and patriot:—

"There are some ugly traits in Henry's character, and some pretty nearly as ugly blanks. He was a blank military commander, a blank governor, and a blank politician, in all those useful points which depend on composition and detail. In short, it is, verily, as hopeless a subject as man could well desire. I have dug around it, and applied all the plaster of Paris that I could command; but the fig-tree is still barren, and every bud upon it indicates death instead of life."

NAVIGATION OF THE OHIO.

In relation to the project of turning Lake Erie into the Ohio, and the assertion that the Ohio at Pittsburg, is two hundred and sixty-five feet *above* the level of Lake Erie, "Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser" says:

In the first place, the water levels are wrong, Pittsburg being not two hundred and sixty five, but one hundred and forty feet above the level of Lake Erie. It is conceded that the supply of water from Lake Erie if attained by deep cuts, would not benefit navigation much higher than Marietta. But Lake Erie is ninety four feet higher than low water mark at Portsmouth, Ohio, and by consequence any desirable amount of water could be supplied the river as far up as Parkersburg.

OUR INTERPRETATION.

When Bem defeated the Ban Jellachich, he sent the following telegraphic announcement to Kossuth—"Bem, Ban, Boum." This "veni, vidi, vici" announcement has been a complete puzzle to our contemporaries, some saying it means one thing, and some another. As we are tired of laughing at their flounderings we will give them the true explanation of Bem's phrase. "Boum" is the Hungarian equivalent for the American "*Jessie*"—a word that became very popular during the late war with Mexico. Bem telegraphed Kossuth, therefore, as follows—"Bem, Ban, Jessie;" or, Bem has given the Ban *Jessie*.

THE CHOLERA.

The number of deaths from Cholera last week in New York was 233; in Boston, 73; in Philadelphia, 16. The Board of Health of this city has ceased making daily reports. Dysentery, Diarrhœa, &c., still prevail to a greater extent than usual in all three cities. With moderation, however, in the eating of fruit and vegetables, these diseases can generally be successfully guarded against.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

We are indebted for an *increase* of our subscription list to friends in the following places: Albany, Kentucky; Lincolnton and Eagle Rock, North Carolina; Hillsboro, Hanoverton, Magadore, and Fredericktown, Ohio; Franklinville and Philps, New York; Plattsburg, Missouri; Mount Pleasant and Gosport, Indiana; Lawrenceville, Woodbury, Annville, and Allen, Pennsylvania; Pictola, Alabama; Boonsboro, Arkansas; Augusta, Georgia; and Grenada, Mississippi. Also for a *second* increase, to friends in Ilion, New York; Zanesfield, and Wilmington, Ohio; Almont, Michigan; and West Alexander, Pennsylvania. Also for a *third* increase, to friends in Henderson, Illinois. Also for entirely new lists of subscribers to Mount Airy, Maryland; Lucas, Ohio; Bethesda, Tennessee; Prattsville, New York; Elizabethville, Pennsylvania; and North Springfield, Vermont.

A. W., of Warren, Ohio, says: "Last May you numbered but *six* in this town; your number now is *twenty-eight*. If every subscriber would obtain twenty-two additional subscribers, as I have done, ere long your circulation would be 1,000,000." We are much obliged to A. W. and numbers of others who have manifested the same good feeling for the Post. We may say to such that our progress is steadily upward. We shall be satisfied, however, for the present, with the prospect of obtaining 100,000—though as man is a progressive being, we would not promise never to look forward to the round *million*.

To G. P. also, who compliments us by saying that the Post is "the best paper in all America," and proves his faith by his works, we also return our hearty thanks. But we must stop this, for whenever had a paper more and heartier friends! and to thank each, individually, were almost an impossibility.

BREWER'S PANORAMAS.

Owing to the pressing solicitations, &c., &c.,—you understand all that, wise reader—Mr. Brewer has resolved to remain among us with his panoramas of the Mammoth Cave, Niagara Falls, &c., for a while longer. He has changed his location to the Museum, Masonic Hall—where all who will pay a quarter, shall receive five dollars' worth of pleasure and information.

STRUCK HIS FLAG.

The Spanish Consul in New Orleans, considering himself in "durese vile," struck his flag—but afterwards raised it again. He declared that, *if it had not been so very warm, (and the musquitoes so bad, we suppose,)* he would not have given bail but gone to prison.

New Publications.

THE CLAIMS OF OUR COUNTRY ON ITS LITERARY MEN. This is the title of an oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, by George W. Bethune. We have perused it with much pleasure and some profit—it being a vigorous, original production, bearing the impress all through of a mind that does its own thinking. The following portions we have selected for our readers:

THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

Wherever the New Englander goes, he carries New England with him. New England is his boast, his standard of perfection, and "So they do in New England!" his confident answer to all objectors. Great as is our reverence for those venerable men, he rather wearies us with his inexhaustible eulogy on the Pilgrim Fathers, *who, he seems to think have begotten the whole United States.*—Nay, enlarging upon the somewhat complacent notion of his ancestors, that God designed for them, "His chosen people," this Canaan of the aboriginal heathen, he looks upon the continent as his rightful heritage, and upon the rest of us as Hittites, Jebusites, or people of a like termination, whom he is commissioned to root out, acquiring our money, squatting on our wild lands, monopolising our votes, and marrying our heiresses.—Whence, or how justly, he derived his popular sobriquet, passes the guess of an antiquary; but certain it is, that, if he meets with a David, the son of Jesse has often to take up the lament in a different sense from the original,—"I am distressed for thee, my Brother Jonathan!" Better still, his sisters, nieces, female cousins, flock on various honorable pretexts to visit him amidst his new possessions, where they own with no sabine reluctance the constraining ardor of our unsophisticated chivalry; and happy is the household over which a New England wife presides! blessed the child whose cradle is rocked by the hand, whose slumber is hallowed by the prayers, of a New England mother!

ARCHITECTURAL FOLLIES.

Head-men of parishes are ridden by architectural nightmare, until the white, airy, clap-boarded meeting-house, where their fathers worshipped God in the simple man of Nazareth, gives place to a low eaved, steep-roofed, cold, damp, rough stone barn, in which the preacher's voice is lost among the groined rafters, and his people cannot see to read his text by the dim light that comes through painted, lanceolated windows, streaming a distorted rainbow over the congregation, making the wife wonder why her husband looks so blue, while the good man fears she is seized with jaundice and the children with scarlet fever; yet, after all, the grotesque pigmy no more resembles the grand picturesque of England's old churches, than a graveyard obelisk Cleopatra's Needle.

THE UNION.

Suppose, for one melancholy moment, that this healthful economy of exchanges were broken up,—that the Western valley were shut out from the sea by adverse governments—that those on the coast were hemmed in to their own narrow limits by hostile forts along the mountain ridges,—that between the North and the South there were neither commercial nor moral sympathy,—that at every State line passports were demanded and a tariff set;—who must not shrink from describing the terrible consequences; the stagnation of trade; the silence of brotherly counsel; the constant feuds; the multiplication of armies; the Cain-like, exterminating wars; the overthrow of law by military dictators; the utter ruin of all that makes us prosperous at home and respected abroad; the sure catastrophe, moral and national death! On that those, who, for any reason, talk lightly of dissolving this Union, would consider the immensely greater evils such a rupture would inevitably cause, the awful guilt it would bring upon themselves! Whatever may be the cant of words, no lover of law could ever kindle the torch of such incendiarism, no lover of peace provoke such fratricidal slaughter, no lover of freedom plot for such general slavery, no lover of God and man undermine the eminent watch-tower whose light is now shedding over the world such bright promise of a universal brotherhood.

RETRIBUTION; OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS. *A Tale of Passion. By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth. "Crime is its own Retributor." New York: Harper & Brothers.* We are inclined to place this work in the first rank of American fiction. It displays a power of characterization, a fertility of invention, and a warmth and luxuriance of imagination which are seldom excelled. Mrs. Southworth's characters are not mere names, but (so to speak) living and breathing individuals. Ernest Dent, Juliette, Hester, in "Retribution," Mr. Withers, Sophie, Raymond, Hagar, in the "Deserted Wife," appear before the eye of the mind, not as intellectual abstractions, but as real and living beings.

The leading idea of "Retribution" is embodied in the following sentence: "Divine retribution belongs to Eternity, and is distant and vague. Human retribution is uncertain, depending upon discovery and other fortuitous circumstances; but *Moral* retribution is as sure as life, as sure as death, as sure as the sin out of whose bosom it springs, as natural as the pain that follows the contact of fire. Human and legal retribution we may elude by concealment; Divine retribution we may avert by a timely repentance; but *Moral* retribution we must *suffer*, and that, not by the arbitrary sentence of a despot, but by the natural action of an equitable law, old as Eternity, immutable as God."

While we hesitate to accept the above doctrine to its full extent—for we cannot perceive any real distinction between "Divine" and "Moral" retribution, or admit that there is *any* kind of retribution which repentance and a new life may not to a greater or less degree avert—we acknowledge that it contains a great and profound truth. To illustrate and enforce this truth is the object of the volume—and it is done with wonderful force and power. No one can read it, we think, without being impressed with the necessity of resisting the first advances of sin—without being made to see and feel that the retribution will inevitably follow the crime, as the fruit the bud, unless the hand of the Almighty be interposed to arrest the natural course of His providence.

To those who read "Retribution" on its first appearance, in a serial form, we would say that much has been added to it by the author in preparing it for the press. The early history of Minnie Dozier is given at length—a most beautiful episode—which runs like a bright, sparkling, fantastic stream until it plunges through a deep, dark chasm into the tempestuous current of the main story. Various other parts are also enlarged, and all with such skill that it is difficult to detect the accurate dimensions of the enlargement. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston*. Price 25 cents.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST FREE MISSION SOCIETY. *Held in Charlestown, Massachusetts, May 2; and in Utica, New York, June 6th, 1849.* We have received the Annual Report of the above Society. It can be had of *M. H. Curtiss, Utica, New York.*

EVERYBODY'S ALMANAC AND DIARY, FOR 1850. A neat little pocket almanac and reference book, containing a list of government officers, accounts of the manufactures, products of the country, &c. *Published by G. S. Appleton, Phila.*

THE YEAR 1848; OR, THE AMERICAN EPOCH. *By J. W. Nevin, D. D.* We have received a pamphlet with the above title, containing an article originally published in the Mercersburg Review, for January, 1849. The article in question is very ably written, and well worthy general perusal. We make the following extract:

"Who can estimate prospectively the bearings of the *Electric Telegraph* on the course of coming history? It is sufficient of itself, in time, to change the entire order of the world's life. Shall we dream of it as an accident only, in the economy of Providence? Or are we not bound rather to see in it a prophetic intimation of what is near at hand in God's plan, a new historical period, namely, in which full room shall be found for its widest use? Does it not point to such concentration and universalness in the coming civilization of the world, as men have had no conception of in ages past? Its main significance undoubtedly lies, not in the present, but in the future. Like the art of printing, it carries unborn revolutions in its womb. These silent posts and wires mean more than all the thunder of Napoleon's artillery. A thousand mobs of Paris or Berlin, are but as the drop of the bucket, or the small dust of the balance, in comparison.

"One other American improvement, still only in theory, but destined, soon, we may trust, to pass into magnificent effect, deserves to fix for a moment, our most earnest attention. It is *Whitney's* project of a *Railroad*, to span the entire continent, from Lake Michigan to the shores of the Pacific. We hardly know how to trust ourselves in speaking of this vast and stupendous design. Thought is confounded, and the very imagination itself is made to stagger, in looking down the long vista of results which it opens to our gaze, more like the tales of the Arabian Nights, than the sober realities of experience as it now stands. And yet the whole thing lies as much within the range of plain rational calculation, as any Yankee economist could desire. The practicability of the measure is clear for all who choose to make it a subject of examination. It is equally clear, that all providential signs are urging at this time towards its accomplishment. The secess of our late acquisition of territory, can be made complete in no other way. Oregon and California can be held for the nation, only by this road. Thus the true significance of America for the world, would seem to hang upon its construction. Let no one say that this is making too much of the merely outward and physical, for human history. The outward and physical, here, are the force of mind itself, yoking nature to its chariot wheels. Who that knows anything of history, can be ignorant of the power which has been exercised upon it in all ages, by the course of commerce? A new channel opened for trade, has ever been sufficient to throw the kaleidoscope of nations into new form. Kingdoms rise and fall with the change of mercantile routes and marts. Tyre, Alexandria, Palmyra, Venice, what a lesson do they not read on this subject! But of all levers that have ever been applied in such way to the course of civilization, none can be named as fairly parallel with this railroad to the Pacific. Its consequences must be boundless for the entire globe. By no possibility can the world after its accomplishment continue to be the same. Europe and Asia must join hands across the American continent. *We will be in truth the centre of the world; and not simply its centre in an outward view, but the great beating heart we may say of humanity itself, through which shall circulate the life blood of its nations, and that shall serve as a common bond to gather them all into one vast brotherhood of interest and love.* New York will be brought within twenty-five days travel of China. The commerce of the whole earth will fall under our command and control. We shall become thus a thoroughfare for the world, and its treasures will be laid at our feet. At the same time, in thus connecting continents and oceans, we shall bind our own republic together with such a bond as we can have under no other form. *This bridge of nations will form also the arch of the American Union, and the world's weight always passing over it will serve only to render it continually more solid and firm.* It is utterly impossible to calculate at present the immense results that must flow from the accomplishment of this single work, for America and for the earth at large. All social and political relations, art, literature, science and religion, in one word, the universal course of history must be brought by means of it to assume an entirely new form."

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS: *His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," &c. New York, Harper & Brothers.* Thackeray is considered by the "London Spectator" the "first of living satirists." "Pendennis" is said to be a great improvement on "Vanity Fair." The first number is for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

FIRST LESSONS IN ALGEBRA. *By Samuel Alsop, author of "Treatise on Algebra."* The author has sought in this volume to divest the subject of the difficulties which are thought to surround it, to present the first principles of the science in a clear and simple manner, and thus prepare the student for the study of more extended treatises. *Published by E. C & J. Biddle, Philadelphia.*

ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. *Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.,* of Boston, announce a "new and elegant illustrated edition" of Shakspeare. Each number will contain a play complete, with a steel engraving of the heroine of the play, "executed in the highest style of art, from drawings by eminent artists." It is to be issued in numbers on the first and fifteenth of each month, at 25 cents a number.

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC. *By Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.* This book comprises the substance of the article on Logic in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, with additions. The present edition is the only complete American one, from the eighth London edition. Published by *Harper and Brothers, New York,* and for sale by *Lindsay and Blakiston, Phila.*

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The second volume of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s new edition of Hume is on our table. It is for sale by *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.*

DAVID COPPERFIELD. *Lea & Blanchard,* of this city, have issued No. 1 of their cheap edition of the "Adventures of David Copperfield." *Price 5 cents.*

CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. No. 5 of the new edition of this valuable work has been published by *T. B. Peterson, Phila.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. For sale by the agents, *Taylor, Canning & Co., Philadelphia.*

Miscellaneous.

A CONFOUNDED YANKEE.

A Mr. Dodge, an American, a year ago, invented a new machine for spinning cotton, which bids fair to supersede the spinning jenny. A few months ago, the ingenious inventor took one of his machines to England, where it has been introduced with the promise of much success. The Springfield Republican finds in the Ashton Chronicle, an English radical sheet, a violent attack upon this machine, which, according to the Chronicle, will be the means of reducing the labor required in the cotton manufacture. The following is the opening paragraph of this attack:—

"A Mr. Dodge, of America, has invented a new spinning machine, which is to eclipse all others extant, for simplicity of structure, and economizing labor. A model, in full work, is now being exhibited at a machine shop in Manchester, where the inventor attends to explain to visitors its *modus operandi*, and answer any questions curiosity may dictate. I have not seen this machine myself, but I have heard men say, who have seen it, that it will entirely supersede the spinning jenny. Manufacturers and master spinners attend almost daily to watch its workings, and take samples of the cops it turns off, into the various parts of the country from which they come. A few years of good trade would suffice to introduce this machine into all the mills in Lancashire and Yorkshire. One of these machines would merely require a piecer or two, to look after it. The poor spinners will be turned into the streets, without shelter, without work, and without credit."

THE WOMEN OF HUNGARY.—COUNTESS CSAKY.—Patriotism and true love of country, are the great characteristics of the noble matrons of Hungary. Ladies of the highest rank, as well as those of the humblest origin, all mingled together in a maternal bond of alliance, stand forth as the encouragers of the martyrs of the Republic. The young Countess Csaky has been foremost in the bloody struggle; she raised a regiment of volunteers at her own expense, and is actually in command of it. The adjutant is also a lady of rank, and is her sister. They dress in the uniform of officers—Hungarian jacket, blue pantaloons, and a large sword at their side. Watchfires surround their tent, and sentinels keep guard through the night. Before the Countess retires to rest, she writes despatches to all her officers, giving them orders, and if any spy brings a report of an advance of the enemy, she is at once at the head of her divisions. With the most wonderful talent she lays the plans for the surprise of her enemy. To the discomfiture of the foe, her commands are carried out confidently and strictly. The animated patriotism of this noble woman inspires such enthusiasm among the soldiers, that each one becomes a hero in his courageous desire to out-do in deeds of daring, his compatriot. The skill in manœuvring displayed by these admirable women is wonderful, and in many instances the enemy have surrendered to them without a blow. Not the less efficient are many other ladies who are not quite so famous in arms; every where the angelic presence of the women is visible saving the soldiers from the jaws of death.—*European American.*

THE POLAR PLANT.—This curious production of the Western Prairies, which has the extraordinary faculty of pointing, compass like, North and South, is called silphium laciniatum. The cause of its polarity is yet to be discovered. Major Alvord says—

"A careful analysis, by the use of the most delicate tests, gave no trace in it of the existence of the magnetic oxide of iron, or of any other compound of iron. Major A. conjectured, therefore, that the polarity may be due to electric currents, as the plant is full of resinous matter, so as to be sometimes called the 'Rosin Weed.' His observations upon it were intended only to incite attention to the subject. The botanist and the chemist will see that much remains to be done in accurately determining the cause of its singular movements."

COALS.—Sea-coal was prohibited from being used in and near London, as being "prejudicial to human health," and even smiths were obliged to burn wood in 1273. In 1840 there were consumed in London alone two millions, six hundred and thirty-eight thousand, two hundred and fifty-six tons.

☞ In England they grow grass on the line of railway to prevent the dust rising on the passage of the cars. A London journal announces that hay-making was in full operation on the line between Exeter and Crediton.

Political Intelligence.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR

Gen. Taylor appears to have been received at Pittsburg with great enthusiasm. The following is an extract from his short address in reply to Walter Forward:

But, sir, while I speak with pleasure and with pride of the scenes that occurred in Mexico, I am emphatically a man of peace; and I would here observe that the great difficulty with our people is to restrain them from military enterprise, whether in self-defence, or in carrying war into the enemy's country. (Cheering.)

Although I have been bred to the profession of arms, I say again that I am a man of peace. I am anxious at all times and under all circumstances, that every possible means should be tried—every honorable means adopted, before war should be resorted to. (Vociferous cheering.)

Sir, I have entered your State to see the people of Pennsylvania, as their Chief Magistrate—to see the whole people—Whigs, Democrats and Natives—without regard to party, and so far as I have passed through your State, I have endeavored to proceed without escort—without pomp; and my wish has been to meet you as a plain republican man. (Loud cheers.)

Sir, I must say that I feel myself perfectly at home with the people of Pennsylvania. (Immense cheering.)

I have now had an opportunity of passing through the States and seeing their mercantile, their mining, and manufacturing operations; and I hope I may be allowed to say that I am not trespassing on the laws of propriety, when I devote a little leisure to acquiring such information as I can obtain by a visit to some of the most prominent places of the Union where such information is to be obtained.—(Cheers.)

In all matters of this sort, I wish to see and to judge for myself. (Great cheering.)

As great curiosity is felt in reference to the stand the Administration will take upon the Tariff Question, we insert the following account, given by a correspondent of the Ledger, of an interview between Gen. Taylor and a deputation of the Manufacturers of Pittsburg:

A deputation from the manufacturing houses of this county and Allegheny City waited upon the President, to state in brief terms the depression they were laboring under in consequence of the present ruinous tariff—ruinous so far as the iron and coal interests are concerned. They assured the President that something like four fifths of the iron houses of the county had failed within the past year and a half, and those which still avoided such a fate, did so at a ruinous sacrifice.

The President replied that the subject of the tariff had engaged his earliest attention, and that he was thankful to receive all information bearing upon that important matter. The Secretary of the Treasury had been engaged in collecting information, and the Executive would be prepared to recommend to Congress such improvements in the present system *as would encourage all the great interests of the country, and at the same time ensure stability. He believed there were certain articles which required protection; but as this Government was in the first instance organized by mutual concessions and compromises, he trusted the same spirit would yet prevail, and that the people of the country would be willing to meet each other half way in all measures for the general welfare. Stability in the tariff was what was required, and that could never be effected by running any interest. The Executive would be prepared to co-operate cordially in any amelioration of the present system.*

He expressed himself highly pleased with his visit to Pennsylvania. It was truly a great State, and possessed elements within itself which must ensure its prosperity. The plough and the anvil were destined, here at all events, to go hand in hand. Their interests were the same; and whatever the Executive could do to further the prosperity and greatness, not only of this State, but of the whole Union, would be done. He requested the Committee to put their views on paper and forward both himself and the Secretary of the Treasury a copy.

The Committee then withdrew, highly gratified with the interview.

The following anecdotes are told by a Pittsburg correspondent of one of the city papers:

Mr. Rody Patterson, an active and intelligent Democrat of this city, went out in a buggy and met the President and Governor near Greensburgh. On the way back, Mr. P. managed to get old Rough and Ready into his buggy, and thus led the way to Turtle Creek, the dividing line between Westmoreland and Allegheny counties. Here they were met by a deputation from Pittsburg. Mr. Patterson and his plain old friend, whom he had picked up somewhere, being foremost in the cavalcade, were first hailed by the zealous city deputation—"Clear the way, Rodey, for old Taylor." Rodey obeyed, leaving the others to find out their mistake at their leisure.

The "Post," (Democratic) of this city, tells a good story. Soon after entering the city, some boys on the side walk disputed among themselves as to which of the four was the President. One took Gov. Johnston to be the man; another Col. McCandless, (who is *almost* as fine a looking man as the Governor;) another pitched upon Mr. Loomis; but none guessed that the little stout old farmer-looking man in the corner was he. There was but one way to settle it, and that was quickly adopted. "Take off your hat, old Zach, that we may know you," shouted one of the young barefooted sovereigns. The President heard him, and instantly complying with the demand, nodded pleasantly to the boys. You may imagine the shout that was there about that time.

At 5 o'clock the ladies paid their respects. The *little* ladies received marked attention. He must kiss them; and it soon became manifest that many who had got a little beyond the age of childhood would fain aspire to the same honor. A gentleman introduced a pretty girl, but playfully added, "she is a Locofoco." The old veteran kissed her on both cheeks, adding, with great glee, "I always kiss the Locofoco ladies twice—*there are so few of them.* Why, had it not been for the ladies, I would not have been where I am. I owe my success to them." "*General*," said a gentleman standing by, "I wish you would appoint me chairman of the kissing committee." "Colonel," replied he, "don't you know the old saying—if we want a thing *done*, we send our man to do it; but if we want it *well done*, we do it ourselves."

After the crowd had in some measure dispersed, and the General was still quietly walking from group to group, chatting familiarly with all he met, I could not but contrast the scene before me with some through which this man had passed in Mexico. "General," said I, "you met with nothing like this at Monterey." "No," said he, "very different, very different!" A shade of sadness chased the smile from his benevolent features. He remained silent for a few moments, and then added: "But the battle was nothing; *it was what followed after that made the heart sore.*"

THE ELECTIONS.

INDIANA.—The new Senate consists of 21 Whigs and 29 Democrats. House, 38 Whigs, 62 Democrats, and one vacancy, occasioned by a tie. Four members to be heard from.

IOWA.—The Burlington (Iowa) State Gazette says that the returns already received, are sufficiently full to render certain the success of the entire Democratic ticket in that State. There are but two Congressional districts in Iowa, both of which were represented in the last Congress by Democratic members.

TENNESSEE.—It is now ascertained that the vote in the State Legislature will be a tie on joint ballot. The Whigs have a majority of three in the House.

KENTUCKY.—The official returns of the election held in this State, show that the Democrats will have a majority of six in the Convention to amend the Constitution.

ALABAMA.—The election has resulted in the choice of two Whig and five Democratic members of Congress. The Democrats have a majority of ten in the House, instead of thirty five which they had last year. In the Senate the Whigs have a majority of one.

TEXAS.—The new delegation to Congress consists of David R. Kaufman, re-elected in the Eastern District, and Volney E. Howard, elected in the Western. Both are Democrats. Kaufman had no opposition.

MINNESOTA.—The Legislature of Minnesota comprises an equal number of Democrats and Whigs—union tickets having been nominated and elected throughout the territory.

ANECDOTE OF CLAY.—Mr. Clay is much pestered at Newport by the sycophancy of some of his admirers. He had just returned from a Sunday evening ride, when he was met plump in the face by a person, who, taking the statesman by the hand, cleared his throat with a "Hem!" and commenced making a regular set speech.

Mr. Clay waited with great complaisance until his tormentor concluded his harangue, and then quietly remarked—

"Have you finished your remarks, sir?"

"Yes—and I beg that you will forgive me if I now leave you."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," continued the Sage of Ashland, in a tone that must have cut the fellow to the quick.

RATHER SINGULAR.—Mr. Jabez Smith, of Jackson county, Missouri, the largest slaveholder in the State, (being the owner of 600 slaves) is a Benton Democrat, fully endorsing the Senator's speech and appeal. So says the *Missouri Statesman.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Aug. 25, 1849.

REMARKS—There has been but little activity in the market during the past week. The transactions in Breadstuffs, Cotton and Groceries, have been limited, but without any material change in prices. There has been a fair amount of business done in Dry Goods, and prices are well maintained. The Money Market continues easy. Loans on call are readily made at the legal rate of interest, and the Banks are discounting most of the short paper offering. In Exchange there is but little doing. We quote Sterling Bills at 109a 109½.

Among the exports to foreign ports during the week ending the 23d inst., we notice the following articles:

Flour,	bbls,	3,419	Wheat,	bush,	2,873
Rye Flour,	"	359	Corn,	"	14,755
Corn Meal,	"	1,454	Oats,	"	676
Bread,	"	730	Rosin, bbls,		3,203

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been inactive during the past week. The receipts have been light, but fully equal to the demand. Sales of 5,000 bbls for shipment, old stock, re-inspected, at $4,94a5, fresh ground and choice brands $5,12½a5,25 per bbl; for city consumption there has been a fair demand at prices ranging from $4,94 to 5,69½ as in quality. Rye Flour continues very scarce; sales of 3 a400 bbls at $3,25. The stock of Corn Meal is exhausted, and prices have further advanced 1/8c per bbl—sales of 930 bbls at $3,25 for Pennsylvania.

The amount of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending August 23, was—

Wheat Flour	bbls	10,050
do.	half bbls	20
Rye Flour	bbls	732
Corn Meal	bbls	1,160
Total		11,972

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have increased, but they are yet only moderate. There has been a good demand both for milling and for shipment, and prices are steady. Sales of 25,000 bushels inferior and prime red at $1,01a1,10; mixed $1,10a1,12, and white $1,12a 1,15 per bushel. Rye has advanced. Sales of 2,400 bushels Pennsylvania at 65c. Corn continues to come in slowly. Sales of 15a16,000 bushels new and old Southern Oats at 32a33c, and Pennsylvania at 33a34 cts per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is limited, but holders are firm; sales of 100 bbls Mess at $11a 11,25 per bbl cash and on time; Prime is held at $9,50. Small sales of city packed Mess Beef, for ship stores, at $13,50a14. Bacon—The stock of all descriptions is very much reduced but prices have not varied—sales of Hams at $8 to 12c per lb as in quality; Sides 6¼, and Shoulders at 5¼a5c—a sale of 100 casks, Shoulders, in dry salt, at 5c. Lard is quiet; sales of 500 bbls and kegs at 7a8¼c. Butter is exceedingly dull. In Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been a fair amount of business doing among the job and commission houses during the past week, for the supply of the Western dealers. There has been a slight improvement in some descriptions of Prints, and for the lower grades of Woollen Goods there is a better demand, and prices are fully maintained.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron continues very light, and prices have advanced; sales of 130 hhds No. 1 at $31a31,50 per ton, but principally at the latter rate. In Spanish and Chesnut Oak Bark, no change.

BEESWAX—Is in limited demand. The last sale of Yellow was at 21c per lb; some holders will not accept this price.

CANDLES—Sperm are scarce and in moderate demand; sales in lots at 34a35c per lb. Tallow Candles are dull, and sell slowly at 9 a11 cts for Dipt and Mould.

COAL—The supplies, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines, continue quite moderate. The demand for shipment is limited, but prices are steady at $3 75 a3,87½ per ton for Schuylkill White Ash; $4,10a4,25 for Red Ash, and $3 75a4 for Lehigh. Cargo sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 16 cts per bushel.

COFFEE—Market quiet, and the stock in first hands being exhausted, supplies are coming in from neighboring markets; sales of 6a700 in lots, Rio at 7¼a7½, and Laguayra at 7a7¾c per lb on time.

COPPER—Prices are steady at 21c per lb for English Sheathing Copper, and 18c for Yellow Metal.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The manufacturers hold off, and only purchase for the supply of their immediate demands, while holders are very firm in consequence of the small stock offering. Sales of 403 bales Upland and New Orleans at 9¼ to 11c per lb as in quality.

GINSENG—The market is bare of Crude—the last sale was at [illegible] per lb.

GUANO—The sales of Patagonia have been confined to a few small lots, without change in prices. 50 tons Peruvian sold at $47 per ton.

HEMP—Is in limited demand, and no large sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—The stock is much reduced, and prices have an upward tendency. An import of Buenos Ayres sold at the close of last week at 10½c per lb on time.

HOPS—Continue in limited demand; small sales of First Sort at 7½a8c per lb.

INDIGO—Demand moderate, and prices are fully maintained; sales of 10 ceroons Kurpah and Bengal at 95ca$1, and a small lot of Caraccas at 87½c per lb all on the usual time.

IRON—There is a better feeling in the market, but prices continue to rule extremely low; sales of 5a600 tons Nos. 3 and 2 Anthracite at $19,50a21,50; two cargoes of Scotch Pig Iron have been disposed of at $21,50 per ton, 6 mos. In Bar and Boiler Iron limited sales at steady rates.

LEAD—The market is inactive; 1,000 pigs sold at $4,70 cash.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for all descriptions, and, with moderate supplies, prices are well supported.

LUMBER—Supplies are coming forward rather more freely, but prices are unchanged; a cargo of Carolina Flooring Boards sold at $17 per M feet—Laths are dull of sale.

MOLASSES—Demand limited, but prices are firm. Sales of 70 hhds Porto Rico at 17½; 103 Trinidad at [illegible], and a small lot of New Orleans at 24c on time.

NAVAL STORES—Prices of all descriptions are fully sustained. Sales of 1,000 bbls common Rosin at $1 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in fair demand; sales of 110 bbls in lots at 31a32c.

OILS—There has been considerable activity in the market for Fish Oils, and prices have materially advanced; sales of 4a500 bbls at 43a45 cents for Crude Whale, and 95a$1 for Winter Bleached; Unbleached Spring Sperm at $1,15, and Winter at $1,18a1,20 per gallon. In Linseed Oil, small sales at 68a71c in casks and bbls; sales of 75 bbls Summer Lard Oil at 58a60, and Winter at 62c on time.

PLASTER—Sales of two or three imports of soft Plaster at $2,12a2,18¾ per ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, but prices are firm at 4a4½c per lb, at which about 75 tcs have been taken.

SALT—Prices are improving. An import of Ashton's Fine Salt sold at $1,35 per sack, and two cargoes, 6a7,000 bushels Turks Island, on terms kept private.

SALTPETRE—Small sales of Crude at 6c per lb.

SEEDS—There is rather more inquiry for Cloverseed, and prices have slightly improved. Sales of 8 a900 bushels ordinary to prime, from $3,75a4,[illegible]. Timothy is also in better demand, and considerable sales have been made at $2,0 a[illegible] per bushel. Flaxseed is scarce, and taken on arrival at $1,35 measure, and $1,30 weight.

SPICES—Market quiet and prices stationary.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin the sales have been to a moderate extent without change in prices. N. E. Rum is scarce, and the advance noticed last week has been sustained. Small sales at 26a28c. Whiskey is in fair demand, and prices have advanced to 27c in both bbls and hhds.

SUGAR—Early in the week the market was inactive, but during the past three days, there has been an increased demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 300 hhds Cuba, part at 4¾c, and part on private terms; 600 hhds New Orleans, 5a5½c; 1,600 bags white Brazil on secret terms, and a few boxes yellow Havana at 6¼c per lb, 4 and 6 mos.

SUMAC—Sales of upwards of 500 bags Sicily, in lots, at $62,50 per ton, 6 mos.

TALLOW—Sales of City Rendered in lots at [illegible] per lb.

TEAS—The stock of most kinds is quite light, and prices are firm.

TOBACCO—There is a steady demand for both leaf and manufactured Tobacco, and prices are firm. Sales of 175 hhds Kentucky at 4a8c, and some Cuba at [illegible] per lb, all on time.

WOOL—The receipts of Wool continue light, and with a reduced stock and a moderate demand, the advance noted last week has been fully maintained. Sales of 150,000 lbs, in lots, ranging from common to full blood, at 28 to 39c per lb, cash and on time. A sale of South American on private terms.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are inactive, and the rates nominal. To Southern ports there is more offering. Colliers are in moderate demand at $1 75 a 1,37½ to Boston; $1,62½ to Providence and Fall River, and $2a2½ per ton to New York. Inland freights are unchanged.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	106½	107	Mechanics'	[illegible]	[illegible]
" '62	110½	111½	Southwark	70	[illegible]
" '67	114½	115	Kensington	61	[illegible]
" '68	115	115½	P Township	28½	[illegible]
" 5s '53	101	101½	Girard	12½	[illegible]
1st due 1 July off			Western	57½	[illegible]
" 5s '51	99	99	Man & Mechs	25½	[illegible]
U S Tr N 6s	115½	116½	Bk of Com	51	[illegible]
" 1 mill	112	—	Camden B J	51	—
Philada 6s	101½	105	Germantown	50	—
" 5s	96	—	Trenton Brg Co	90	—
" " Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	50	—
County 5s	95	96	M & M, Pitts	40½	[illegible]
Penna 6s	99	100	Exchange, Pitts	47	—
" 5s	87½	87¾	Com, Cincin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	—	105	Louisville, Ky	96	[illegible]
Tennessee 6s	84½	85	Kentucky Bk	100	[illegible]
Illinois 6s	44	—	Northern	107½	[illegible]
Cincinnati 6s	95	96	Union, Tenn	20½	[illegible]
Texas T. Notes	8	10	Planters, Tenn	24	—
" bds 8s	—	—	Vicksburg	10½	[illegible]
Schuyl N 6s	40	40½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" Int	56	—	N O Gas Bk	112	[illegible]
Lehigh N 6s	66½	67	Schuylkill Nav	18	[illegible]
" Int loan	56	57	Lehigh Nav	20½	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	80	80	C & Del Cl	79	[illegible]
C & Del Cl 6s	89	89½	Morris Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
C & Am R bds	97	98	Penn & Ohio Cl	70	[illegible]
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	10½	[illegible]
Susquah Cl 6s	54	55½	Cam & Am R	130	[illegible]
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	38½	[illegible]
Harrisburg R 6s	90	91	Bea Mdw R	20½	[illegible]
Wil R 6s	87½	88	Lykens Val R	20	—
Read R 6s	57½	58	North Am Cl	—	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	64½	65	Susquah Cl	11	[illegible]
U S Bk Notes	60	60	Norristown R	10½	[illegible]
U S Bk Shares	2½	2½	Harrisburg R	48½	[illegible]
N Amer Bk	125	126	Wilmington R	27½	[illegible]
Penna Bk	109½	110*	Reading R	17½	[illegible]
Philadelphia	129½	130	Minehill R	65	[illegible]
Far & Mec	61½	61½	N Liberty Gas	20	[illegible]
Commercial	57	57½	Flem Copper	5	—
N Liberty	45	—	N J Copper	—	—

* Shares been divided into 2 shares.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

THE HUNGARIAN DIET.

An article in one of the British Magazines says:—"The Hungarian Diet consists of two assemblies, numbering—recent changes apart—six hundred members, of which two hundred form the Upper House, or Table—Upper and Lower Table being the terms used. The former sits by right; the latter is elective, and triennial. All motions originate with the Lower Table, but are first discussed at what is called a 'circular meeting.' Respectably dressed persons are admitted to the body of the hall as well as the galleries, and are permitted to applaud when anything is said which they consider worthy the honor.—The author above quoted gives us an account of one of these meetings, which it may not be out of place to transcribe:—'The first circumstance that struck me,' she observes, 'was the extreme order and business-like appearance of the whole assembly. No listless loungers occupying a couple of chairs with their elaborate idleness; no boots, looking as though they had collected all the dust or mud of a great thoroughfare; no members sitting with their hats on, as if tacitly to express their contempt, both for their occupation and their colleagues, were to be seen, even in the universal and undress meeting of the Hungarian Diet. The tables were covered with paper, folio volumes containing the national laws, and the caps and gloves of the members.

* * * * * * * *

The crowd who thronged the lower end of the hall, and extended for some distance between the tables, were orderly and attentive; and the regularity with which the proceedings progressed was admirable; and after all that I had been told on the subject of the "semi-barbarous legislators" of the country, surprised me not a little.'

"Another peculiarity is worth notice:—In one respect the Hungarian people have the advantage of our own as regards their representation—no Deputy being permitted to vote against the feeling of his constituency.' Remarkable instances sometimes occur of the exercise of this privilege. On one occasion a debate arose as to the late King Ferdinand's right to levy troops, while at the same time interfering with the freedom of public discussion. Among others, a Deputy from one of the most populous counties spoke strongly in favor of voting the levy, much to the satisfaction of the Government party; but on concluding, he said—'These are my opinions, my principles, and my views. I cannot look upon the question in any other light. But—I am instructed by the county which I represent to vote with the opposition; and my vote must be registered accordingly.' As may be expected, the Opposition were not slack with their cheers. The elections, in which the system of voting by ballot prevails, are conducted pretty much as in England—that is, with music and shouting, speechifying and excitement."

NEW TREATMENT.

The foreign correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions, among recent scientific works, a publication of Dr. Arnott's on a new treatment of pain and of certain diseases, by freezing. He says:

"In Part I. of Dr. Arnott's work on the *Treatment of Headache, Erysipelas, &c., by benumbing Cold*—He makes use of a mixture of ice and salt, in the proportion of 1 to 2, as his frigorific mixture, and this he applies by means of a little purse of silk gauze with a rim of gutta percha, to limited spots on the forehead or other parts of the head in which rheumatic headache is felt. Many cases are cited of instantaneous relief in headaches of very long standing, and which had resisted all other means. The skin is subjected to the process for from 1 a minute to 11 minutes, and is rendered hard and white. The same treatment has been most successful in erysipelas of the head and face, a truly formidable disease. Also in skin diseases attended with terrible itching, and in short in all inflammations of the surface, which latterly have a tendency to gangrene or ulcer, he remarks, only irritates, and the surface reacts against it; but this severe cold at once knocks down all opposition, and causes total yielding and insensibility. Hence he has used the same means in surgical operations, and in those where the whole part can be commanded, as in amputation of fingers, cutting out of superficial tumors, &c., the painlessness is complete. The mode is well worth trying, and for severe boils and many skin diseases will no doubt prove a good domestic remedy. It has the grand benefit of immediate power, and easy applicability; add to which it causes no pain, nothing like the inconvenience of small degrees of cold, and leaves behind it, with moderate care, no ill consequences. It is said to be particularly influential in various distressing well-known forms of *sprains* in both arms."

LOLA MONTEZ.

Lola Montez, or rather Mrs. Heald, has caused another ferment in the fashionable world of London, by being married to Mr. Heald, a gentleman that she married a Captain Thomas James, of the Bengal Native Foot, in 1837, and that her real name is Eliza Rosa Anna, or Rosanna James. She has admitted the fact of her former marriage, but asserts that the contract was broken by a special act of Parliament, in passing which, Lord Brougham was of great service to her.

What is singular about the affair is, that the suit was brought by the aunt of Mr. Heald, and that neither he nor Mr. James have anything to do with it. Mr. H. accompanied his somewhat celebrated spouse into court, exhibited the utmost tenderness of feeling, promptly gave the bail required, and started with her, the next morning, for the continent.

It is stated by the London Times that the Marquis of Londonderry, the Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, has taken the most decisive steps to recommend to the Queen that Mr. Heald's resignation of his commission as an officer of that regiment should be insisted on, in consequence of his marriage.

Board or Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 248—adults 99, and children 149.

Clippings.

☞ The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but the brain of a horse is but the four-hundredth.

☞ Manners are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, the other hail practice what they censure. The rest say and do as they ought.

☞ Over eight thousand crows were killed in Charles County, Maryland, last year. We suppose this cruelty was not perpetrated without cause.

☞ Willis, in one of his late excursion letters, has a characteristic touch at the physical geography of Cape Cod. He says:—"If you look at it upon the map, you will see that it resembles the lifted leg of New England, in the act of giving the enemy a kick."

☞ Beautifulwife the love, and sweet the kiss of the sister; but if you haven't a sister handy try your cousin—it isn't much worse.—*Exchange.*

If you haven't a cousin of your own, try some body else's—there's no difference.

☞ A man recently complained that whenever he went into a jury box, he was associated with eleven of the most obstinate fellows in creation, for they could never agree with him.

☞ The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well informed persons, there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present, without submitting to set the part of a butt, or of that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

☞ The word *luncheon* is a corruption of nuncheon, i. e., noonshun, the refreshment taken at noon, when laborers desist from work, to shun the heat.

☞ General Coalition, after making a breach in the walls of Rome large enough to admit his thousands of troops, sent the Pope the keys of the gates. For what purpose, pray? Surely there's no use knocking at the door when the side of the house lies open.—*Punch.*

☞ The following curious advertisement lately appeared in a provincial print:—"To be sold by private contract, a beautiful mastiff, a parrot, two spaniels, and a tortoise shell tom-cat, the property of a lady just married, who has no further occasion for the same."

☞ A little child being at a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and bodily gesture, cried out—"Mother, why don't the people sit the last part of the day?"

☞ A society in New England has collected a fund for reprinting the works of the New England Fathers; the first volumes will embrace the works of the famous Dr. Belknap.

☞ A strange sailor, says the Centreville (Maryland) Times, made his appearance on Kent Island, on the 11th ultimo. He deserted at night from a foreign ship at North Point, and paddled himself across and down the bay, about twenty miles, on a plank twelve inches wide and twelve feet long.

☞ "Sir," said a member from Assumption, in the Louisiana Legislature, "I am here, the proud representative of my constituents; I am here from the parish of Assumption, and while I stand on this floor I and Assumption are of a piece."

"Yes," said an honorable opposite, "and you are the boldest piece of assumption that was ever heard of."

☞ "We are in favor," says an exchange, "of doing all for our fellow men we possibly can; but we think that when a person who can't swim jumps overboard to save the life of a poor wretch whom he has never seen before, he acts somewhat precipitately."

☞ "It is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when in the very act of *toting you in.*"

☞ "Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a schoolmaster to a trembling urchin.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well, what does the Scripture say upon the subject?"

"I don't know, sir," said the other, "except it is in that passage which says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

☞ Proceedings have been commenced at New York against Dr. Van Noss, for the $1,000 fine or two years' imprisonment for neglecting to report cholera cases.

☞ Permission has been obtained from the British Government, at London, for the brig Eureka, of Cleveland, to pass down the St. Lawrence on a voyage to California, and she is advertised to sail for San Francisco on or about the 20th of September next.

☞ In the space of 513 years, England and France were at war 352 years; more than half the time.

☞ The number of immigrants into the United States last year was estimated, on the most accurate data that could be obtained at 250,000. This year the number will probably reach 300,000.

General News.

THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING HOUSE IN AMERICA.—A book on "Church Architecture," recently published in London, contains the following interesting notice of the first Methodist Meeting House in America:

"The first Methodist meeting house in America was a log hut: but subsequently, through the interest of Captain Webb, a piece of ground was procured upon Golden Hill, *a strong ground near the borders of New York*, now named John street. Materials were purchased and contracts entered into, in the names of those individuals who joined Captain Webb in the undertaking. The building was 60 feet long by 42 wide. It was opened on the 30th of October, 1768, by Mr. Embury, who, being by trade a carpenter, had himself constructed the pulpit from which he preached. It had an area in front of about 30 feet square, separated from the street by a wooden fence. There were three square headed windows surmounted by a circular, one near the pulpit, and two, which were an arched door, and subsequently side entrances by steps to the galleries. In order to reach the galleries when first erected it was necessary to mount by a ladder and then to sit upon platforms, and for a long time benches only with backs were provided. Such was the unpretending origin of the first Methodist Chapel in the Western World."

The Irish California.—The British House of Commons has been making some inquiry respecting the "Great Irish discovery," consisting in the sprinkling of millions of acres of land in Clare and Kerry with a trifling expense (little more than that of manual labor), oil naphtha, naphthaline, muriate of ammonia, piccomar, pittical, candles, pitch, tar, and other principles, by a new process of distillation. Capitalists, under the sanction of the highest authorities in chemistry, have, during several previous months, erected experimental works in Ireland on a scale of sufficient magnitude to test the merits of the discovery. Oil of a superior quality to spermaceti was produced; and while the experiments were going on, the price of the oil of Ireland rose remarkably, only irritates, and the surface reacts against it; but this severe cold at once knocks down all opposition, and causes total yielding and insensibility. Hence he has used the same means in surgical operations, and in those where the whole part can be commanded, as in amputation of fingers, cutting out of superficial tumors, &c., the painlessness is complete. The mode is well worth trying, and for severe boils and many skin diseases will no doubt prove a good domestic remedy. It has the grand benefit of immediate power, and easy applicability; add to which it causes no pain, nothing like the inconvenience of small degrees of cold, and leaves behind it, with moderate care, no ill consequences. It is said to be particularly influential in various distressing well-known forms of *sprains* in both arms."

LOLA MONTEZ.

Lola Montez, or rather Mrs. Heald, has caused another ferment in the fashionable world of London, by being married to Mr. Heald, a gentleman that she married a Captain Thomas James, of the Bengal Native Foot, in 1837, and that her real name is Eliza Rosa Anna, or Rosanna James. She has admitted the fact of her former marriage, but asserts that the contract was broken by a special act of Parliament, in passing which, Lord Brougham was of great service to her.

What is singular about the affair is, that the suit was brought by the aunt of Mr. Heald, and that neither he nor Mr. James have anything to do with it. Mr. H. accompanied his somewhat celebrated spouse into court, exhibited the utmost tenderness of feeling, promptly gave the bail required, and started with her, the next morning, for the continent.

It is stated by the London Times that the Marquis of Londonderry, the Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, has taken the most decisive steps to recommend to the Queen that Mr. Heald's resignation of his commission as an officer of that regiment should be insisted on, in consequence of his marriage.

Board or Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 248—adults 99, and children 149.

Clippings.

☞ The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but the brain of a horse is but the four-hundredth.

☞ Manners are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, the other hail practice what they censure. The rest say and do as they ought.

☞ Over eight thousand crows were killed in Charles County, Maryland, last year. We suppose this cruelty was not perpetrated without cause.

☞ Willis, in one of his late excursion letters, has a characteristic touch at the physical geography of Cape Cod. He says:—"If you look at it upon the map, you will see that it resembles the lifted leg of New England, in the act of giving the enemy a kick."

☞ Beautifulwife the love, and sweet the kiss of the sister; but if you haven't a sister handy try your cousin—it isn't much worse.—*Exchange.*

If you haven't a cousin of your own, try some body else's—there's no difference.

☞ A man recently complained that whenever he went into a jury box, he was associated with eleven of the most obstinate fellows in creation, for they could never agree with him.

☞ The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well informed persons, there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present, without submitting to set the part of a butt, or of that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

☞ The word *luncheon* is a corruption of nuncheon, i. e., noonshun, the refreshment taken at noon, when laborers desist from work, to shun the heat.

☞ General Coalition, after making a breach in the walls of Rome large enough to admit his thousands of troops, sent the Pope the keys of the gates. For what purpose, pray? Surely there's no use knocking at the door when the side of the house lies open.—*Punch.*

☞ The following curious advertisement lately appeared in a provincial print:—"To be sold by private contract, a beautiful mastiff, a parrot, two spaniels, and a tortoise shell tom-cat, the property of a lady just married, who has no further occasion for the same."

☞ A little child being at a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and bodily gesture, cried out—"Mother, why don't the people sit the last part of the day?"

☞ A society in New England has collected a fund for reprinting the works of the New England Fathers; the first volumes will embrace the works of the famous Dr. Belknap.

☞ A strange sailor, says the Centreville (Maryland) Times, made his appearance on Kent Island, on the 11th ultimo. He deserted at night from a foreign ship at North Point, and paddled himself across and down the bay, about twenty miles, on a plank twelve inches wide and twelve feet long.

☞ "Sir," said a member from Assumption, in the Louisiana Legislature, "I am here, the proud representative of my constituents; I am here from the parish of Assumption, and while I stand on this floor I and Assumption are of a piece."

"Yes," said an honorable opposite, "and you are the boldest piece of assumption that was ever heard of."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Inquirer publishes a letter from Captain Power, of the Grey Eagle, which is dated June 20th. He says:

Of the gold, so much spoken of, I can give you but little information, having conversed with a great many from the "diggins," on two of which, however, agree in their accounts. In regard to the quantity found, some say two and others one ounce per day—but all agree that gold is to be obtained only by hard labor, as *Scripture guarantees*. I saw a number who came from the "diggins" with from two to three thousand dollars *and a rejected constitution from corpus-cent and an unhealthy climate.*

Labor is uncommonly high. We have paid $6 per day to discharge cargo—all hands having left, except the mate. Carpenters get from $12 to $14 per day, and their pay is increasing. I have no hesitation in saying that carpenters and blacksmiths will be in demand for a year to come. At present, any one who can saw a board and drive a nail, with any kind of judgment, can get $10 per day. I have sold common pine boards for $800 the thousand feet. Butter is $1 per pound, and milk $4 the quart, although there is an abundance of cattle, but they will not take the trouble to bring it to town. Flour is only $7 per barrel, but the freight from there will heavily, cost us twenty-five cents, and difficult to get it at that price, owing to the scarcity of bakers, and the thinking that a barrel of pounds comes from different places. Good brandy will not command more than $6 per dozen, there being so much dark brandy in the market, which the people prefer to drink in the best, and will pay a higher price for it. One of our passengers sent two barrels of whiskey to Sonora, the 35 cents, and the other $1.25 per wine gallon. The former brought 25 cents more than the latter.

Sailors are getting $250 per month, and they will not leave the port to go to Monterey, St. Diego, and Oregon, without good security from some responsible merchant that the Captain will return with them direct to this port. I was offered $500 per month to run a small schooner up the Sacramento River, but I could not, under existing circumstances, accept the offer. If the little steamer Islander arrives out safe, in the Onnota, they will coin money hand over hand, as there is nothing of the kind here, and it is much wanted. She will sell the little skiff he purchased at the Brooklyn for from the steamboat, for $250, having paid $30 for it. The carpenters from Cape Roberts, had but one blacksmith shop here, at present, he could retire from business at the expiration of one year, with an independent fortune. I have seen things of the most common kind, (long iron ones) for doors and shutters, which were invoiced for 18¾ cents, sell for $2 50 each. It is impossible to say how long these things will continue. People who desire an article, don't stand long about the price—Every one appears to have an abundance of money. Some of my passengers, upon their arrival, went to carting, and made from $20 to $30 per day, some more. The price of carting is $2 per load, and plenty to do. I would not wish a better fortune than to have a Philadelphia dray here. Carpenters ought to load, and I would ask a loafer to assist you with a heavy article he charges $1! My dear sir, if you have any friends carpenters, coming out to this place, advise them to bring houses already framed, about 20 feet by 40, one story and a half high, shingles and all complete—They will pay well, and money can be made by putting them up.

A Cosmos Case or Surgery.—Some time ago, a little child of Mr. Lythrop, at the foot of Sudbury Street, was playing with a pair of bivalve shells, round in form, and each fully as large as the eighth of a dollar, when one of them disappeared without nothing could be found of it for several weeks there was an appearance of something growing in the child's mouth, in the roof of it. The child was carried to Dr. Clark, the City Physician, who pronounced it a case of the enlargement of some bone, the anatomical name of which we have forgotten, but we will call it one of the rafters of the mouth. Subsequently Dr. Warren was consulted, who confirmed Dr. Clark's opinion, and proposed to operate to reduce the size of the enlarged bone. On cutting around the protuberance, the before-mentioned shell fell out. It measured in length, from the front part of it to the roof of the mouth, until it had become completely imbedded under the skin.—*Boston Chronotype.*

The Florida Indians.—The Government, the Intelligencer says, has the idea entertained of removing the Indians from Florida, but in regard to the practicability of the measure, it is said that the Florida Indians with the utmost kindness and humanity, and not make war upon them. Instructions have already been communicated to Major General Twiggs to the effect, that he must exert himself to the utmost to treat with the Indians of Florida, and to settle for his rate) in the most amicable manner possible.

Iron Business in Kentucky.—The iron business on the Cumberland River, near the Hanging Rock and Eddyville, Ky., has been of late conducted with great success. The Louisville Journal says that at one of the large establishments during the past season, 1,000 hands were employed. The heat would be worth more than the whole region of California. One of the English magazines, less sanguine on the subject, says the experiments were upon a very small scale indeed, and not sufficient to justify any such expectations as have been formed at the present time.

A Wife Sold by her Husband.—Not long since, a late member of Stewart's County took a fancy to the wife of a citizen in his neighborhood, and desired that she would accompany him to a distant clime. But how to get legal possession of the prize was a problem of no easy solution, yet solved it was, and by the virtue of the "almighty dollar." A bargain was effected whereby the merchant was to pay the bereaved husband one hundred and fifty dollars on the relinquishment by the latter of all right, title and community which he held in the person of his spouse. No sooner had this come to pass, the money was paid, and the wife removed from the custody and control of her husband, and delivered into the safe keeping of the purchaser, who has taken this newly-acquired piece of property with him to New York.—We do not know whether the seller put a halter around the neck of his wife, and led her out thereby, as is practised in old England, but we think it quite likely that he, by that sale, slipped the own neck out of a very disagreeable tenure that had been thrown around it.—*Muscogee (Ga.) Democrat, Aug. 15.*

Consequence Among the Jews.—For some years past a sentiment of exclusiveness has been growing on among the Jews in the United States relative to the observance or neglect of ancient ceremonials and the "Occident," an able periodical in this city, edited by the Rev. Mr. Lesser, has published many communications on the subject. In New York and Charleston it has been especially warm, and progressed so far that synagogues have been erected by each party. The difference consists in the fact that a portion of the sect desire to secure freedom of action as to the keeping of or keeping open their stores on Saturday, and the eating of prohibited meat at coffee houses. The opposition party demand a strict conformity with all the requisitions of the Jewish creed, and an observance of the forms and ceremonials of Jewish worship.

At St. Louis, a few days ago, the difficulty ran so high that the law has been appealed to. Quite a disgraceful scene occurred in their synagogue, and actions have been brought for assault and battery.

Fun.—The Paris papers give a strange piece of gossip about Bum. While he was at Paris, he dined one day with the American Minister. The subject of conversation was presentiments, the possibility of which the Envoy ridiculed. Bum, however, declared that three times in the course of his life he had seen a bush, which was to foretell the date of his decease in 1850. In Transylvania he received many wounds; and, having discovered that his surgeon was uneasy, said calmly that he had another year to live. Full of confidence in this presentiment, Bum again threw himself into the contest and said he was confident he would live until 1850.

Heavy Damages and Important Verdict.—Rev. Alexander Campbell, President of Bethany (Va.) College, has received $10,000 of Rev. James Robinson, of Scotland. Mr. Campbell, on a tour through Scotland, in 1847, was arrested and imprisoned in Edinburgh, through the agency of the Rev. James Robinson, for having, while speaking on the subject of slavery, uttered sentiments obnoxious to that gentleman. Some of his friends instituted a suit against Mr. R. This suit has recently terminated, and the result is a decree of the Lords of Council and Session in favor of Mr. Campbell for two thousand pounds sterling.

A Hard Case.—An Englishman, accompanied by quite a pretty wife, waited on his honor, Mayor Woodhull, of New York, on Monday, and, in reply to an inquiry as to his business, stated that his wife wished to get a divorce, and he had come to show her the place. The Mayor informed them that he had no power to dissolve the bands of matrimony; whereupon the pretty woman tried to coax him to "please divorce them, like a dear good man," and, on his continued refusal, she took her husband's arm and walked off, pouting as only a pretty woman could.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Great Yield of Potatoes.—We are informed that Mr. Moses R. McGarrity, of West Hoboken, an enterprising farmer of New Jersey, has entered his field of potatoes for the first premium of the American Institute. The potatoes were taken from seedlings of the Mercers, of the second years' growth; are of a superior quality, oval in shape; white, with a dash of red at the ends; estimates the crop at more than six hundred bushels to the acre. A committee from the Board of Agriculture will visit his farm in a few days.—*N. Y. Com.*

Lamartine's History of the Revolution.—Lamartine's book seems to satisfy nobody, and his facts are said to be very imaginative. The romantic tale of the escape of Louis Philippe by the subterranean passage of the garden of the Tuileries, and the pathetic interview of the Duchess of Orleans, are inventions which Cremieux, who never left the king till he got into the carriage in the Place de la Concorde, has thought proper promptly to deny, and to state the facts as they occurred.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISHAM E. JAMES, No. 102 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States named by *James K. Whipple, William H. Wild, O. H. P. Burr, Archer, B. Wild, John Collins, James Dowling, Albert K. Withington, H. B. James, Henry Pratt, and E. A. Sweny.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison House, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Busch, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Howes, John W. Archer, B. Wild, John Collins, James Dowling, Albert K. Withington, H. B. James, Henry Pratt, and E. A. Sweny.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

R. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector in Erie in Pennsylvania.

CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

GEORGE H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

HOTT, HERKINS & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 27.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head; of these 430 head were driven to New York. Beeves are selling from $6,50 to 7 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were about 400 head in market; sales from $4 to 5 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 400 sold as follows: $45 to 55 for fresh; $25 to 40 for springers, $3 to 25 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

New York, Aug. 27.—Of cattle 1,203 Beeves, 200 from the South, remainder from this State and the Jersey shore; 17 Stores, and 5,200 Sheep and Lambs. Beeves—The market on the whole is rather dull, suffers no material depression, as to prices, which now range from $6 to $6,50 per cwt., as to quality. Sheep and Lambs—The market left over several stock 200 head unsold, though the aggregate of the day's sales is equal to the average mark; 20 head remain over undisposed of. We quote prices at from $30 to $37. Sheep and Lambs—There has been a fair demand for the most part for Sheep at from $4,25 to 5,25; for Lambs $4 to $4,50; Calves $8 to 10.

There is but very little Corn Meal in the market, and for the best brands, delivery is held at $4,44 a 4,50.

Grain—For Wheat the market is dull, and prices, if anything, favor the buyer. Considerable sale of Southern are proving only to a limited extent. Sales of 5,000 bushels Southern mixed at $1,41a1,50. Rye is still lower, with sales of 7,000 bushels at 65c. delivered. The sales of Corn are 40,000 bushels, at 57c. for Southern mixed. The sales add up 60,000 bushels at 57c. for mixed, and 58c. for yellow. Oats are dull for Northern and Western, and 2c. lower for Southern. Sales of 8,000 bushels Southern at 32c. for prime, and 30c. for inferior.

Provisions—For Pork the market is dull, the demand being limited to the trade. Sales of 200 barrels Mess at $16 a $16,25 for new, and $8,81 for prime. Of cutmeats quiet at $13,50a14 for mess, there is but little doing in Beef. Lard is dull at 9½c. for barrels and 11c. for shoulders. Land is easy, with sales of 100 barrels at 9½c. Butter is dull. Cheese there is rather more doing, but prices are without change.

Ashes—Pots are firm and in demand at $6,18¾a6,25. Pearls are steady at $—,11¾. Pots 70 to 75.

Cotton—The market is dull, and a better sense of the article is shown, with sales of 2,4,6 bales, including 1,000 bales for export. Sales were made at 31c. to 32c. for Uplands, and 32c. to 33c. for Louisiana.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 15th to the 24th August.

August 15 received to

T F Perkins	0 00	W Whiting	2 00
J C Adams	4 00	W E Zeiber	4 00
J S Forester	2 00	J Hoffman	2 00
F Stocum	50	Wilson & Ingram	2 00
L Hudson	2 00	G H Stevenson	2 00
W Hamilton	2 00	J Hall & Son	2 00
W W Norton	2 00	C W B Crane	10 00
C Bitle	2 00	J W & D Kidd	6 00

August 16

A A Turner	2 00	J Wilson	1 00
G Pettigan	2 00	J Wilson	1 00
D F Fisher	1 00	T M Reffe	1 00
Dr. De Reed	1 00	Miss M Latimer	2 00
J Hamilton	2 00	Miss Ann Hall	2 00
S W Hughes	2 00	T A Caldwell	2 00
J Hall	2 00	Dr. Wm. Hooker	2 00
H C Cuge	5 00	Dr. O. Hooker	2 00
J S White	3 00	R W Day	15 00
J B Smith	15 00	J Adams	2 00
E S Sooker	2 00	F Mahan	4 00
W H Lowe	2 00	Dr. Wm. Randall	2 00
W H Brown	2 00	Mrs C S Abbott	2 00
P Mann	1 00	T J Bryer, Jr.	2 00
W W Ballard	17 00		

August 21.

J Tomlinson	2 00	M S Sorrell	2 00
G B Lyon	2 00	D Whyte sales	10 00
J Hall	1 00	N P Horton	10 00
J Hall	1 00	J Hall sales	1 00
T S Fowler	5 00	R Donaldson	1 00
J B Wyatt	2 00	Dr. J. Davidson	1 00
J Hall	1 00	Miss E D Lee	2 00
J Hall	1 00	S S Phillips & Co.	10 00
E T Elliott	1 00	J H Hanson & Co.	10 00
T Bennett			

August 22.

B J Lewis	1 00	J. H. Crump	1 00
R. Ferguson	2 00	J. Hall sales	1 00
E Young	1 50	W. C. Harrington	4 00
J G Taylor	2 00	J. Hall sales	1 00
J Hall sales	1 00	W. Lorain & Co.	10 00
A J Jones	2 00	H. R. Clapp	10 00
J Hall	1 00	J. Hall sales	1 00
S Hallock	15 00	Miss A. M. Harlan	2 00
J. A. Mack	2 00		

August 23.

M Cheesman	2 00	Miss M Mason	2 00
A Barrow	3 00	J Shaffer	2 00
J Hall	1 00	J Quaid	2 00
M Baker	5 00	W Bolen	2 00
J Hall sales	20 00	W Cook	2 00
A Bonner	2 00	G R Gresley	2 00
T Bonner	2 00	J Hall sales	1 00
J Hall	2 00	D. J. G. Thomas	2 00
A Furey	2 00	J. Hallowell	2 00
J Hall	1 00	J. Watson & Co.	15 00
Dr. J. H. Gibson	2 00	C. R. Holley, Jr.	4 00

August 24.

D A McMinn	2 00	J White	269 00
N. Andrews	1 00	D. G. Gerrell	10 00
J Hall	1 00	S. P. Sawyer	2 00
E Dennis	2 00	G Rockwell	2 00
J Hall sales	1 00	J Hall sales	1 00
S. R. Gaines	6 25	J T. Roberts	2 00
J W Wagner	2 00	J Hall sales	1 00
J Bowman	2 00	N Bolling	5 00
J. Brown	1 00	O. B. & L. M. Bacon	4 00
J Hall sales	2 00	Mrs S. L. M. Mooney	2 00
R J Ballinger	2 00	Mrs M. S. Allen	2 00
W McSwiggin	2 00		

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by E. Johnston & Co., Brokers, *No. 26 South Third Street, Philadelphia, September 1, 1849.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia banks	par
Do. bank notes	11 dis
Farmers' banks	par
Tradesmen's do	par
Germantown	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	1 dis
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lancaster	no sale
Downingtown	1 dis
Chester	1 dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	10 dis
Erie	1 dis
Susquehanna county	1 dis
Towanda	1 dis
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1 dis
Wyoming	par
Northumberland	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	1 dis
Kensington	1 dis
Reiner notes	1 dis

NEW JERSEY.

Trenton, Mechanics	par
Do. Farmers	par
Camden, Manhattan	par
Philadelphia	closed

DELAWARE.

Newcastle, Newtown, Patterson, Morrisville, New Hope, Bristol, Middletown	par
Doylestown, Danville, Bellefonte, Kingston, Dover, Easton, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Milton, Lewisburg, Sunbury, Selinsgrove, Pottsville, Reiner notes	par
Do. Bank of Wilmington	par
Do. Farmers'	par
Do. Delaware	par
Do. Newcastle	par
Do. Smyrna	par
Do. Georgetown	par
Do. Milford	par
Do. Middletown	par
Do. Wilmington	par

MARYLAND.

Baltimore banks	par
Mineral bank	1 dis
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Harford county	1 dis
Farmers' and Mechanics' bank, Boonsboro	1 dis
Post Office Dollars	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis

NEW YORK.

City banks	1 dis
Commercial, Albany	1 dis
Tonawanda	50 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Merchants', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Alden bank	no sale
Millers', Skaneateles	1 dis
Northern Ex bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis

MAINE.

All solvent banks	1 dis

ALMANAC.

Aug. 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON SETS	TIDES—RAIN.
1 Wednesday,	5 31	6 39	1 8	
2 Thursday,	5 31	6 37	1 56	a. a. m.
3 Friday,	5 32	6 36	2 51	
4 Saturday,	5 33	6 35	3 51	
5 Sunday,	5 34	6 34	4 54	
6 Monday,	5 35	6 32	4 13	Full 2 19 16
7 Tuesday,	5 36	6 31	5 3	Last 9 1 20
8 Wednesday,	5 37	6 29	5 53	New 9 11 36
9 Thursday,	5 38	6 28	6 43	First'st 0 31
10 Friday,	5 40	6 26	7 34	
11 Saturday,	5 41	6 25	8 29	

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Aug. 20,	70	76	0
21,	70	76	0
22,	71	81	84
23,	75	81	84
24,	76	81	84
25,	76	81	84
26,	76	78	81
27,	76	81	83

Marriages.

At Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa., on Tuesday, 21st ult. by the Rev. Joel Rockwood, Mr. Edwin W. Patrick, of this city, to Miss Caroline M. daughter of Jabez Fisher, Esq. of the former place.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. Robert Shaw, Mr. Wm. Cline, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Richard Bissel, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Jacob Abraham, to Miss Margaret Shettenham.

On the 1st ult. by the Rev. D. Dilley, Mr. Wm. S. Heaton, of Kensington, to Miss Hester Delaplaine, of Berks county, Pa.

In this city, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. B. F. Stead, of Bensenburg, Mr. Peter Gold, late of Lanark, Scotland, to Catharine, daughter of Mr. James Todd, of Edinburgh.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev Allen Johns, Mr. Henry Wells, to Miss Ann Fox, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 31st ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Asa J. Mitchell, Jesse Rhoads, of Columbia county, Pa. to Jane B. Tevis, of the county of Philadelphia.

In this city, on the 20th ult. by the Rev J. B. Dales, Mr. Henry Stevenson, of Belfast, Ireland, to Miss Mary J. Rainey, of Montreal, Canada.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Jacob H. Nichols, Pastor of First M. P. Church, Southwark, Mr. David Fleming, to Miss Sarah G. Robinson, both of Cape May, N. J.

On the 23th of June, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. John B. Keating, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth L. Tindle, of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the

Selected Poetry.

FOR THE LAST PAGE OF "OUR ALBUM."

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

At length our pens must find repose!
With verse, or with poetic prose,
Filled is each nook;
And those poor idle rhymes must close
Our pleasant book!

In every page is filled at last!
When on these leaves my eyes I cast,
Dull thoughts to cheer,
How many memories of the past
Seem written here!

Those who behold a river run
Bright glittering in the noonday sun,
See not its source;
And few can know whence has begun
Its giddy course!

And thus the feelings that gave rise
To many a verse that meets their eyes
How few can tell!
Yet for those feelings gone, I prize
And love it well!

Some stanzas were composed to grace
An hour of pleasure—come to chase
Sad care away;
And some to help on time's slow pace
Which would delay!

In some, we trace affection's tone
To friends then kind,—now colder grown
By force or art:
In some, the shade of hopes, now gone,
Then, next the heart!

Such fancies with each line I weave,
And then our book I cannot leave
Without a sigh!
Fond recollections make me grieve
To lay it by!

How other hands, perchance than mine,
A fairer wreath for it might twine,
'Twere vain to tell;
I can but say, in one brief line,
Dear Book, Farewell!

Notes of Travel.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

We extract the following summary of portions of Sir Charles Lyell's "Second Visit to the United States," from "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal."

CURIOUS PHENOMENA.

Four years ago, we had occasion to notice the "Travels of Sir Charles Lyell in the United States," chiefly in relation to the geological explorations of the author. A "Second Visit" to the United States by the same writer having just made its appearance, we are enabled to revert to this deeply-interesting subject. On the present, as on the previous occasion, Sir Charles travelled with a special view to the investigation of natural phenomena, but we can assure all who feel inclined to peruse his second production, that it abounds likewise with observations on matters of social concern, and is, on the whole, one of the most amusing works which has for some years appeared on the United States. Having travelled with his wife, the author possessed more than the usual means of acquiring a knowledge of the people among whom he travelled.

Passing over one or two of the earliest chapters, we take up Sir Charles as he journeys through the New England States. Here he has occasion to refer to that very curious phenomenon, the discovery of organic remains in ice. How the bodies of animals become so imbedded, is a question of much interest. It appears that in extreme northern and southern parts of the world, the ground is a mixture of rock and ice, the ice lying in strata below the general surface. In 1821, when the captain of a merchant ship wished to inter the body of a sailor in one of the South Shetland Islands, he set a party to dig a grave in the blue sand and gravel; but after penetrating to nearly a hundred places through six or eight inches of sand, they came down everywhere upon solid blue ice. At last he determined to have a hole cut in the ice, of which the island principally consisted, and the body of the man was placed in it." This body was afterwards found as fresh as when buried. The bodies of whales and other creatures often get imbedded in icebergs, and are then discovered after the ice has become partially mixed with sand and gravel. The rise and fall of masses of ice, according to the action of the tides, when in contiguity with land, accounts for no small part of the phenomenon.

Talking of icebergs, we are led to remark, that to these floating masses in the Northern Atlantic much of the irregularity of our summer climate may be imputed. Icebergs are occasionally seen as far south as the 36th degree of north latitude, and of immense size. "Sir James Ross saw icebergs which had run aground in Baffin's Bay in water 1,500 feet deep." An iceberg of much less dimensions than this turns the climate to winter wherever it goes, and its approach to any coast is a terrific visitation. A military officer told our author "that last year, when he was in garrison in Newfoundland an iceberg continued aground in the harbor of St. John's for a year, and they used to fire cannon-balls at it from a battery." We have heard of more ridiculous projects than would be the fitting out of an expedition to clear the Atlantic of icebergs by bombardment.

Sir Charles made a pilgrimage to the top of Mount Washington (one of the White Mountains), which reaches to a height of 6,225 feet above the level of the sea. Here a Flora was observed similar to that of lands bordering on the sea in the extreme north of America, Europe, and Asia. How did these plants attain this height in an inland mountain in a comparatively southern latitude? "Geology," says our author, "teaches us that the species living at present on the earth are older than many parts of our existing continents—that is to say, they were created before a large part of the existing mountains, valleys, plains, lakes, rivers, and seas were formed. That such must be the case in regard to the island of Sicily, I announced my conviction in 1833, after first returning from that country. And a similar conclusion is no less obvious to any naturalist who has studied the structure of North America, and observed the wide area occupied by the modern or glacial deposits before alluded to, in which marine fossil shells of living but northern species are entombed. It is clear that a great portion of Canada, and the country surrounding the great lakes, was submerged beneath the ocean when recent species of mollusca flourished, of which the fossil remains occur more than 500 feet above the level of the sea near Montreal. I have already stated that Lake Champlain was a gulf of the sea at that period, that large areas in Maine were under water, and, I may add, that the White Mountains must then have constituted an island, or group of islands. Yet as this period is so modern in the earth's history as to belong to the epoch of the existing marine Fauna, it is fair to infer that the Arctic Flora now contemporary with man was then also established on the globe." We have thus to consider that many of the higher mountains were at one time islands, in a sea chilled by the melting of floating ice. "As the continent grew by the slow upheaval of the land, and the islands gained in height, and the climate around them became milder, the Arctic plants would retreat to higher and higher zones, and finally occupy an elevated area, which probably had been at first, or in the glacial period, always covered with perpetual snow. Meanwhile the newly-formed plains around the base of the mountain, to which northern species of plants could not spread, would be occupied by others migrating from the south, and perhaps by many trees, shrubs, and plants then first created, and remaining to this day peculiar to North America."

LOWELL FACTORIES.

In a conversation with one of the managers of the Lowell factories, Sir Charles elicits what may be considered a good hint as to an improvement in the position of the working-classes. These factories, it appears, are joint-stock concerns. The shares are often as low as 500 dollars, and held by operatives. "By this system the workpeople are prevented from looking on the master manufacturers as belonging to a distinct class, having different interests from their own. The holders of small shares have all the advantages of partners, but are not answerable for the debts of the establishment beyond their deposits. They can examine all the accounts annually, when there is a public statement of their affairs." Unfortunately the law of partnership prevents plans of this kind being carried out in England. To procure an abolition of this law, the working-classes in Great Britain ought to make a strenuous exertion: but when do we find these classes aiming at any thing half so practical?

HEALTH OF AMERICANS.

At Boston our author makes the common observation that the New Englanders have generally a pale, care-worn look, arising "partly from their striving and anxious disposition, and their habits of hard work, mental and bodily, and partly from the effects of the climate. One of their lawyers expressed to me his regret that the members of his profession, and their most eminent politicians, physicians, and literary men, would not spare themselves, and give up some time to relaxation. 'They seem determined,' he said, 'to realize the sentiment so finely expressed by Milton—

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

Our ancestors had to work fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, in order not to starve in the wilderness, but we persist in straining every nerve when that necessity has ceased!' He then reminded me how much more cheerful, plump, and merry the young negro children looked in the south than those of New England, who had all the appearance of having been forced in their education, and over-crammed at school. I suspect, however, that the principal cause of the different aspect of the Anglo-Saxon race in England and America is the climate. During both our tours through the United States, my wife and I enjoyed excellent health, and were delighted with the clearness of the atmosphere, the bright sun, and the great number of cloudless days; but we were told that, if we stayed a second year, we should feel less vigorous. Many who have been born in America, of families settled there for several generations, find their health improved by a visit to England, just as if they had returned to their native air; and it may require several centuries before a race becomes thoroughly acclimatized. English travellers often ascribe the more delicate health of the inhabitants here to their in-door habits and want of exercise. But it is natural that they should shrink from exposing themselves to the severe frosts and long-continued snows of winter, and to the intense heat of the summer's sun. An Englishman is usually recognized at once in a party by a more robust look, and greater clearness and ruddiness of complexion; and it is surprising how distinguishable he is even from persons born of English parents in the United States. It is also a curious fact, which seems generally admitted, that the native Anglo-Australians bear a considerable resemblance to the Anglo-Americans in look and manner of speaking, which is a mystery, for there is certainly in that case no analogy between the climates of the two countries."

ELECTIONEERING, &C.

We are presented with some amusing anecdotes of electioneering. In some parts of the country there is the strongest indisposition to elect wealthy men to office, in consequence of a belief that they would not be sufficiently subservient. "One who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, finding himself in a new canvass deserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. 'Do you think,' answered a former partisan, 'that they would vote for you, after your daughter came to the ball in them fixings?' His daughter, in fact, having been at Mobile, had had a dress made there with flounces according to the newest Parisian fashion; and she had thus sided, as it were, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the democracy of the pine woods. In the new settlements there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers, merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great." The doctrine of political equality appears to have been carried on one occasion to a remarkable length. Natchez, a populous and commodiously situated town, was decided to be no longer a metropolis, from being discovered to be several miles away from the centre of the State. A search for the true centre being ordered, it was found to be a spot in the middle of a swamp, accessible only by a canoe. "This was welcome news; all might now be placed on a footing of equality, the spot being equally inaccessible and inconvenient for all. When the architect, however, came to build the Capitol, he took the liberty, instead of erecting the edifice on piles in the centre of the swamp, to place it on an adjoining rising ground, from which they had cleared away the native wood—a serious abandonment of principle, as it was several hundred yards from the true geographical centre." We hope our American friends can laugh as heartily at this as we do.

THE FRENCH SETTLERS.

At New Orleans, Sir Charles was struck with the difference between the English and French quarters of the town, as well as the dissimilarity existing between the Anglo-American and French-American character. In the First Municipality, you would almost consider yourself in Paris; in the second, all is English and go ahead. It seems that here, as elsewhere, the tendency of French society is to stand still. How strange the following circumstance:—"Hearing that a guide-book of New Orleans had been published, we wished to purchase a copy, although it was of somewhat ancient date for a city of rapid growth. The bookseller said that we must wait till he received some more copies from New York, for it appears that the printing even of books of local interest is done by presses 2,000 miles distant. Their law reports are not printed here, and there is only one newspaper in the First Municipality, which I was told so very characteristic of the French race; for, in the Second Municipality, although so much newer, the Anglo-Americans have, during the last ten years, started six newspapers."

On going up the Mississippi, the author makes similar remarks on the comparative backwardness of the French settlers. "My attention was next called to the old-fashioned make of the French ploughs. 'On this river, as on the St. Lawrence,' said an American, 'the French had a fair start of us by more than a century. They obtained possession of all the richest lands, yet are now fairly distanced in the race. When they get into debt, and sell a farm on the highest land next the levee, they do not migrate to a new region farther west, but fall back somewhere into the low grounds near the swamp. There they retain all their antiquated usages, seeming to hate innovation. To this day they remain rooted in these parts of Louisiana where the mother country first planted her two colonies two centuries ago, and they have never swarmed off, or founded a single new settlement. They never set up a steam-engine for their sugar-mills, have taken no part in the improvement of steam navigation, and when a railway was proposed in Opelousas, they opposed it, because they feared it would "let the Yankees in upon them."' When a rich proprietor was asked why he did not send his boy to college, he replied, "Because it would cost me 450 dollars a year, and I shall be able to leave my son three more negroes when I die, by not incurring that expense."' Dr. Carpenter informed me that the Legislature of Louisiana granted, in 1834, a charter for a medical college in the Second Municipality, which now, in the year 1846, numbers 100 students, and is about to become the medical department of a new university. The Creoles were so far stimulated by this example as to apply also for a charter for a French college in the First Municipality. It was granted in the same year, but has remained a dead letter to this day."

Miscellaneous.

THE ZICZAC AND THE CROCODILE.

On one occasion I saw, a long way off a large crocodile, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance, and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank: there he was within ten feet of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish color and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me; and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, it jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "ziczac! ziczac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed itself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump into the air, and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.—*Curzon's Visit to Monasteries in the Levant.*

Electric Telegraph in Ireland.—This invention has been introduced into Ireland, and is now in operation on a portion of the Great Southern and Western Railway. "One peculiarity of this telegraph," says Saunders's News-Letter, "is that the wires usually placed upon poles are in this instance buried at a considerable depth in the ground. No person travelling on the line would suppose that such a mysterious agent as the Electric Telegraph was at all in operation. Two great advantages are gained by the adoption of this plan—namely, security from the effects of lightning and depredations. The means employed for generating the electric fluid is somewhat novel, and consists in the use of a certain salt known to chemists as chloride of calcium, being in fact, the pure base of lime. This salt has the property of attracting sufficient moisture from the atmosphere for keeping up the supply necessary to work the telegraph, thereby entirely dispensing with the use of acids, found by all electricians so destructive to the metals employed."

Wit and Humor.

MY FIRST CARVING OPERATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY "THE VICTIM."

I am by nature nervous, and have an instinctive horror of a quiz or being the butt of a piece the predominant feature of which is the ludicrous.

At the age of eighteen I found myself the inmate of a genteel boarding-house, in Washington, Pennsylvania, much more deeply interested in making myself agreeable to the witty and beautiful fair of that place, than in being indoctrinated in the "course prescribed by the Faculty" of her time-honored institution.

Our House was the resort of some dozen young gentlemen, mostly from Virginia, assiduously engaged in the cultivation of their minds and whiskers. Two young ladies—daughters of our hostess—occasionally graced our dinner table with their presence; when they were subjected to the most overwhelming attentions from all of us who could spare the time from the demolition of roast beef and tarts, for such graceful and becoming demonstrations. On one occasion, we had an extra dinner (such were rare). Three or four young ladies were invited, and amongst other things a fine, large, roast turkey graced the board.

The gentleman who usually occupied the head seat being absent, I was unanimously voted to fill the vacancy, an *ex officio* duty of which was, to do the carving. Although, in mercantile phrase, I was *posted* in the art and mystery of carving, so far as theory was concerned, yet practically I knew nothing about it, and of course felt considerable embarrassment. At it I went, however, in a style peculiarly Chesterfieldian, and succeeded—every joint was touched with a precision, dexterity, and I might add, a grace, which would have done credit to a student of the Appendix to "Letters to a Young Gentleman." The immense carving knife and fork were dexterously handled, and having helped the plates of the company, I filled my own and resumed my seat, with a self complacency, only appreciable by those who have made a "decided hit." I had scarcely commenced eating, when a sort of titter, scarcely suppressed by the vigorous application of a napkin to the mouth of the performer, arrested my attention.

On looking up, I saw at a glance, that something was wrong—all were quiet but every face was red, apparently with suppressed laughter. I endeavored to appear unconscious of the state of things, notwithstanding an awful presentiment that I was somehow connected with the merriment. The motion of my arms felt constrained; with difficulty I reached my mouth. A crisis was evidently at hand; just as the explosion was bursting forth, I looked down, when, horror of horrors! *I was eating with the carving knife and fork!!*

CURIOSITY.

One of my friends, before we left Boston, as if determined that nothing should surprise me, related many diverting anecdotes to illustrate the inquisitive turn of his countrymen. Among other stories, he gave a lively description of a New Englander who was seated by a reserved companion in a railway car, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said

"Are you a bachelor?"

To which the other replied, drily, "No, I'm not."

"You are a married man?" continued he.

"No, I'm not."

"Then you must be a widower?"

"No, I'm not."

Here there was a short pause; but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing, "If you are neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor a widower, what in the world can you be?"

"If you must know," said the other, "I'm a divorced man!"

Another story, told me by the same friend, was that a gentleman being asked, in a stage coach, how he had lost his leg, made his fellow travellers promise that if he told them they would put no more questions on the subject. He then said, "It was bitten off." To have thus precluded them for the rest of a long journey from asking how it was bitten off, was a truly ingenious method of putting impertinent curiosity on the rack.—*Lyell's Tour in America.*

Awful Attempt at Self Destruction.—The Dayton (Ohio) Journal, relates the following thrilling scene:

"We understand that a young lady of this city, respectably connected, accomplished and beautiful, attempted self-destruction yesterday. She seemed to be in remarkable fine spirits, and nothing in her conduct during the day had excited the remotest suspicion of her terrible design. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, she went into the garden and soon returned with something in her apron. She then went to the kitchen, and was there alone nearly an hour, apparently busy about some ordinary culinary employment. There was nothing unusual in this, and the family paid no attention to her. At a quarter after five her mother thought it was about time to begin the preparation of supper, and entering the kitchen for that purpose, beheld a spectacle easier imagined than described. There sat her daughter, young, beautiful, and in 'perfect health,' gnawing away at a huge ear of 'green corn,' with the dismantled cobs of two others by her plate!

"We learn from the Doctor, this morning, that she is 'able to be about the house,' but the motive of her conduct is a profound mystery. He inclines to think she must have been 'tired of life.'"

Deacon Havens.—Kingley tells a very good story about Deacon Havens. It appears that, at last harvest time, the deacon had a "mowing bee," and among the party were two interesting sons of Belial, who were more inclined to cut capers than clover. One of their tricks on the old man consisted in filling the tin horn with soft soap, and then slightly stopping the orifice with cotton. When 12 o'clock came, our venerable friend seized the loaded instrument, and gave a blast which scattered the contents far and near. To say the deacon was displeased, would but slightly describe his feelings. He was enraged; for the first time in his life, he became excited. Says he—"Gentlemen, I am an old man—I am the head of the Sunday School, and have preached the gospel for five-and thirty long years—but by Jehoshaphat if I can't lick any man who soft-soaped that trumpet!"—*Albany Dutchman.*

Caleb Cushing.—Cin's Advertiser tells the following anecdote of our late Ambassador to China, Caleb Cushing. He had taken dinner with Commissioner Keying, and discovering something on the table he judged to be duck, ate of it with remarkable appetite. Not speaking Chinese, and wishing to know what it was, he pointed to it, after he had finished, saying to his host interrogatively—

"Quack, quack, quack?"

The Mandarin, with equal brevity, replied, with a shake of his head—

"Bow, wow, wow!"

Mr. Cushing's feelings can be imagined.

Borrowing.—"Mother sent me over to see if you couldn't lend us a little injun," said a little girl Down-South, in the Rackensack region, to an old lady over on "Big Eagle," in Old Kentuck, who was considerably bothered by these neighborly calls.

"No, my darter," said the old lady, raising her spectacles, and pretending not to know that corn meal was the article asked for. "I should like to oblige your mother, but we aint got no *little Injun*. Tell her, however, she can have our nigger boy any time she wants to borrow him."

The trading on "borrowed capital" was broken off after this.

Conclusive.—A clergyman was accused, while in Lowell, of "violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and *compelling* her to go home with him." He replied as follows:

1.—I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting.

2.—My wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell.

3.—I have not attended even one of those meetings for any purpose whatever.

4.—Neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend those meetings.

5.—*I never had a wife!*

Nice Distinction.—A few days ago, in a fit of abstraction, Jem picked up a sixpenny piece, while peregrinating the side-walk in Wall street.

A friend, who was with him, observed that Jem had "picked up money *on the walk*."

"You are mistaken."

"Why, I am sure I saw you do it," persisted the inquirer.

"No," rejoined Jem, gravely—"I stopped in the first place, and picked it up on the *stoop*."

PARSON BROWNLOW.

Parson Brownlow, the eccentric Methodist Preacher and independent editor, has left Jonesborough, Tennessee, and located his newspaper at Knoxville. In a recent number, he has a "Review of the Knoxville Market," for the current week. Here are a few items.

Christians—Almost as scarce as they were at Sodom, in the days of Lot: considered an infallible cure for sore eyes.

Dandies—Market overstocked with an *inferior* article; a good quality in demand.

Honest Men—There are a good many in the city; but not being *adapted* to this market, no inquiries are made after them.

Hypocrites—As fine a stock as can be produced in any city of the Union, of the same population, with every variety usually found in any market.

Liars—More than wanted, but all employed, and driving a heavy business.

Street Cleaners—None in market, but a large stock *badly wanted*.

Good Husbands—Scattering, and not a few buyers have recently discovered that they have been sorely bit.

Appropriate Epitaph.—A lady who had *died* of cholera in Sandusky City, and was laid out by her friends, was found the night following standing at the cupboard eating cucumber pickles; whereupon the Louisville News says:—

They left her "a laying" in white,
Prepared for the grave's quiet slumbers,
But they found her the very same night
A layin in pickled cucumbers.

Settling the Question.—A dispute having arisen at a village inn as to the number of the late Lord Byron's children—one party maintained that a daughter was his only off-spring, while another was as positive that he had a son also. The landlord was appealed to, who, after a moment's reflection, replied—

Why, of course he had a son; was there not his child (Cuilde) Harold?

Selected Articles.

HANDLING METALS AT A WHITE HEAT.

[The following curious extracts from a paper which appeared in the "Comptes Rendus" of the French Academy for May 14, will interest our readers. If any of them feel inclined to try the experiment of handling melted metals, we hope they will give us the results of their experience. Mr. P. H. Bouligny, the author of the paper in question, says:]

I wrote, in the first instance, to my friend, Dr. Roche, who passes his life in the midst of the furnaces of the Department de l'Eure, and who is the healer of bodily ills to a portion of the Cyclopean population which it supports. His answer was to the effect, that a man named La Forge, aged about thirty-five or thirty-six, and very robust, frequently walked with naked feet upon the melted metal, immediately after its being poured into the trenches for casting into pigs: but he had not witnessed it himself. This was not sufficient to dissipate my doubts. I then betook myself to a foundry in Paris, where they smiled, and showed me the door. I said nothing, but withdrew, musing on the difficulties attending the verification of a solitary fact—itself very simple.

A short time subsequently I was fortunate enough to meet with M. Alphonse Michel, who resides among the forges of Franche-Comté. M. Michel with great kindness promised that he would institute careful inquiries, and communicate to me the results. The subjoined is an extract from a letter which I have received from him, dated 26th March last:—

"On my return, I did not omit to speak with the workmen concerning the subject of our conversation, and generally was laughed at for my pains. This, however, did not rebuff me. One day, at length, finding myself at the forge of Magny, near to Lure, I renewed my questions to a workman, who assured me that nothing was more common; and to prove his assertion, at the moment when the brass in a state of fusion was pouring forth from a Wilkinson he passed his finger through the incandescent jet. An employe of the house repeated the experiment with impunity; and I myself, emboldened by what I beheld, likewise effected it. I would remark, that in making these trials, neither of us moistened our fingers.

"I hasten to make you acquainted with this fact, which appears to me to support your ideas in relation to the globular state of liquids; for the fingers being naturally more or less humid, it is, I think, to this humidity passing into the spheroidal condition, to which their momentary incombustibility must be attributed."

I have made the following experiments.—I have divided or cut with my hand a jet of melted brass, exceeding two inches in diameter, which sprang from the plug-hole of the melting-pot, and immediately afterwards I have plunged my other hand into a mass of incandescent metal truly frightful to gaze upon. I shuddered involuntarily. Nevertheless, both hands remained perfectly unscathed; and at the present moment, if anything give me cause for astonishment, it is that such experiments are not altogether common and every-day matters.

It will probably be demanded of me, what precautions are necessary to preserve one's self from the destructive action of incandescent matter? I reply, None! Have no fear, but make the experiment with confidence, and pass the hand rapidly, yet not too much so, through the liquid brass: otherwise, if the trial be made timidly, and the action be too rapid, the resisting power possessed by all incandescent bodies will exhibit itself at the cost of the experimentalist.

The experiment succeeds best when the skin is in a state of perspiration; and the trepidation occasioned by the vicinity of such masses of fire is highly conducive to placing the body in the state of moisture necessary for its proper performance: but on taking certain precautions we become absolutely invulnerable. I have found the following mode to answer best:—After rubbing my hands with soap so as to give to them a polished surface, I at the moment of making the experiment, steep the one I am about to employ in a cold solution of sal-ammoniac, impregnated with sulphuric acid; or, in place of that, fresh water. Regnault, who is engaged on this subject, says:—"Those whose profession is the handling and eating of fire, sometimes employ a mixture composed in equal part of spirit of sulphur, sal ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice."

M. Bouligny concludes by saying that the experiment, so formidable in appearance, is almost insignificant in reality, and that he has frequently repeated it with lead, bronze, &c., and invariably with like success.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Frederika Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, she inhabited Stockholm for a while, and afterwards spent some time with a friend in Norway. She now dwells with her mother and sister close to the northern gate of Stockholm, passing her summers at a neighboring estate called Arsta. It is said that she has portrayed her parent in the venerable and singular lady who occupies the foreground in her recent tale entitled "The Midnight Sun," wherein also her fair younger sister is beautifully sketched as the suffering yet lovely "*Innocence*." This sister is watched over by Miss Bremer like some fragile plant, which needs all the sunshine of life to make it bloom in freshness and beauty: and it is from the outpouring of her own unselfish heart that Frederika Bremer has given such living pictures of sisterly love and care.

It would be idle to speak here of her works, for they are in everybody's hands; and the merits of her principal personages are discussed with as much freedom in society as if they were our next door neighbors, or our intimate acquaintances. But our readers will like to know what sort of being in her outer aspect is the lady who has given us such charming pictures of other women. That one who has already passed the boundary-line of middle age should long since have lost the freshness of youth, is self evident to all; but we wish it were allowed us to add, that some traces of loveliness were still visible about her person, for we are conscious of an instinctive disappointment when the whole human being is not at harmony with itself, when a lofty intellect and a pure imagination are not embodied in a fair and noble exterior. Miss Bremer, however, is decidedly plain. Her spare, sallow features are, however, lighted up by a look full of intelligence and sweetness, and her meagre form is set off by the neat simplicity of her attire. There is perhaps somewhat of the teacher in her aspect—a certain staid and measured glance, which is often perceptible in those who are accustomed to watch over and check the waywardness of youth. Yet this sort of formality does not destroy the intellectual kindliness of her countenance.—She is quite aware of her own unattractiveness, and has therefore always positively refused to have her likeness taken. The picture of her which is in circulation is only an imaginary one, invented by a German painter for the profit of some bookselling speculation. It was humorously reported last year in a Swedish newspaper that the Americans had just despatched a celebrated portrait-painter to Rome and Stockholm for the express purpose of taking likenesses of the "Pope and the Bremer."

In Sweden, her tale of "Home" is preferred far above any of her other works. It is allowed, even by her greatest admirers, that while the authoress views with a poetic eye the narrow and tranquil course of domestic life, and therefore sheds a tender glow around its scenes, she fails altogether in the gift of bold conception. Her female sketches are drawn with truth and spirit; but when she attempts to portray a manly character, her imagination pictures forth only some disjointed fragment, abounding in mistakes and improbabilities. Her philosophy is also somewhat too transcendental for the fiction of every-day life; and it is perhaps too frequently intruded on the attention of her readers. But fault-finding is an ungrateful task when there is so much to admire and approve of as in the works of Fredrika Bremer.

CHEMISTRY FOR GIRLS.

BY E. THOMPSON, M. D.

Something That Every Woman Should Read.—This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has entered the temples of learning and attempted to thrust out important studies because their immediate connection with *hard money* profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent, merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French, and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, but why not inquire "what profit?"

I take my pen, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine, and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, should enter a cabinet shop, and find a saucer of *aqua fortis* (nitric acid) upon the work bench, and, in his sport, seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives, the child is a corpse. Now as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia, which, if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. Oh, what are all the boquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge?

Take another case. A husband returning home on a summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box, labelled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently, he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor, in a tea cup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs to play; the infant crawls to the tea-cup, and drinks. Now what think you would be the mother's joy, if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison. She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites. Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels—one little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician, in a hurry, leaves an overdose of tartar-emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever) and pursues his way to see another patient ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is despatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar-emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning.—Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate, or the protoxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened, that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkrout when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.

Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and many have died, in some instances without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if under such circumstances, she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris, are poisonous, and that the white of an egg is an antidote.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but our space forbids. Enough has been shown, we hope, to convince the utilitarian that a knowledge of chemistry is an important element in the education of the female sex; that without it they are imperfectly qualified for the duties devolving upon them in the domestic relation, and poorly prepared to meet its emergencies.

The Witch's Bridle.—In the steeple of Forfar, is preserved a curiosity well worth the attention of tourists. It is called "The Witch's Bridle." The form of the object is very simple. A small circle of iron sufficient to inclose the head is divided into four sections, which are connected with hinges. A short chain hangs from behind. In the front, but pointing inwards, is a prong, like the rowel of an old-fashioned spur, which entered the mouth, and, by depressing the tongue acted as a gag. The use of the thing was exactly what its name portends. By it, as with a bridle, the unfortunate old women formerly burnt at Forfar for the supposed crime of witchcraft, were led out of town to the place of execution. Its further and more important purposes were, to bind the culprit to the stake, and prevent her cries during the dreadful process of death. When all was over, the bridle used to be found among the ashes of the victim.—*Picture of Scotland.*

The Housekeeper.

BOILING RICE.

Many persons nearly spoil rice by boiling it too much, as it becomes gluey or clammy, sticking together like paste. Rice may be well cooked, and yet the grains remain entire, so that the same or any liquid will run through them; and thus cooked, it is far superior to that which is overdone, as is often, or we may say usually the case; for not one in four are skilful in preparing this article. The following directions are worthy the attention of those not skilled in this piece of culinary art:—

Take one pint of rice, wash it, and put it in soak for two hours. Have ready two quarts of boiling water, with a little salt in it, in a stew pan. Half an hour before you wish to use it, pour the water, in which the rice is soaked, from it, and, with a table-spoon, shake the rice into the stew pan, without stirring it, and let it boil ten minutes; then strain the liquid from the rice. Return the rice to the stew pan, and let it steam for fifteen or twenty minutes, when it will be done, and the grains will be separated. Add a little butter, and send it to the table.

TO SWEETEN BREAD WITHOUT SUGAR.

It is not generally known that pure starch added to the flour and made into dough, will be partially converted into a species of sugar during the process of fermentation and baking, and produces sweet wholesome bread. From the experiments of Mr. Colquhoun, it appears that starch, arrow-root, farina of potatoes, or similar amylaceous substances, made into a jelly, may be employed for this purpose with advantage. It is only necessary to mix the flour up with the jelly, instead of mere water, to add yeast and salt, and to bake in the common way. Dr. Percival has recommended the addition of saleb for this purpose. 1 oz. of saleb dissolved in one quart of water, 2 lbs. of flour, 80 grains of salt, and 2 ozs. of yeast, gave 3 lbs. 2 ozs. of good bread; but the same weight of materials, without the saleb, gave only 2¼ lbs. If too much saleb be added, however, it will give its flavor to the bread.

The Fashions.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Dresses of every day wear are made in various materials this season. In Valencias the patterns are very pretty, whether striped or checked. The mousselines de laine are no longer in such various colors, but plain grounds, with spots or stars. The foulards are of very dark grounds with white designs; and in plaids for young people. The toiles de Chine, ecrues, and toiles de France, in every shade of grey Quadrilles, wool and silk, in very small checks, small stripes, and running patterns, &c., &c. These materials, of themselves simple, should be made up with simplicity; the only ornament admissable being a feston in silk or wool, or a galon of gimp. A great many dresses are worn of plain silk, black glacé silk, of high price on account of the excellence of the color, ornamented by lace flounces. Glacé dresses are with flounces. The corsages open in front with the square piece are only pretty with flat or plissée trimmings; all others take off their antique style. Sleeves of every kind, in neglige or dress, have always the under sleeves corresponding to the fichu. Pretty white peignoirs are worn festonnes, with skirt of the same tied at the top, with a ribbon passed through a bouillon of lace. Peignoirs of pink, blue, or rust color, with three rows of scollopings, edged by a pearling. Mantelets of emerald green, garnet, deep blue, are trimmed with a deep Vandyke, festonnée in crete de coq, headed by six small plaits of taffetas and satin; mantelets of black lace, of moderate depth, have folds at the shoulders and ends; the mantelets duchesse, of pale taffetas, are with revers forming collar, enriched by point lace, which also ornaments the body part; white embroidered mantelets are trimmed with several rows of Valenciennes lace. Mantelets of cachemire are made with wide sleeves, trimmed round with a broad band of taffetas, stamped. Mantelets peignoir, of slight taffetas, lined with a light color, for cool evenings; short mantelets are lengthened by three rows of deep fringe, or frills embroidered in silk. The mantelets much in demand for carriage wear are of light colors, trimmed with blond of the same color, divided by bias of taffetas; these trimmings are sometimes goffered, with a thread passed through each fluting, to confine it. Mantelets of taffetas glacé, or of lace, are ornamented with deep frills of the same; the mantelet is generally worn rather short in front, open on the neck, and rounded behind; the richest style of pardessus is, of course, that of black lace, whether in mantelle, mantelet, scarf or shawl. Shawls of various kinds are worn in silk, with rich satin borders, of white or black filet; of lace; China crape in every color; of muslin trimmed, embroidered, and festonné à l'Anglaise. Straw bonnets are much worn, simply trimmed, for walking; with ruches, ribbon, a bouquet at one side; scarcely anything on leghorns and very light trimmings on crin. Feathers are used in carriage bonnets; long ones shaded, on bunches of marabouts, or tips of feathers in two and and three colors; wreaths of foliage, drooping in bunches at the sides; pailles de riz are with lace laid on, which forms the crown of the bonnet.

Crape capotes are very fashionable; white or pink for morning visits, and dark for walking; as dark green, with bunch of violet campanulas; marron, with light blue under; dark blue with heaths. Citron crape is much approved for dark complexions, and for black hair. Many bonnets are lined with orange tulle bouillonnés. Many of the dark capotes are rather of tulle than of crape. Capotes of white crape have been made with large runners, marked by cordons of flowers. Bonnets of paille de riz have the front and bavolet edged by a small wreath of oak leaves, of various shades. Capotes of paille de riz are trimmed with ribbon shaded in two colors, and a plume of marabouts similarly shaded. A new style of manchette, just introduced, is composed of very broad lace, falling on the hand, attached to a band with bouillon, through which a ribbon is run, tying at the side. According as the sleeves is more or less long, these sleeves are placed more or less high on the arm, and may have a double row of deep lace laid on; they are attached to a little under sleeve, which is concealed under the sleeve of the dress. A very pretty style of fichu, termed Lamballe, is made of embroidered muslin, trimmed with narrow lace, of colored taffetas, with small chicorée of the same, or of black taffetas, with ruche of narrow lace; the form is very open at the throat, producing a kind of berthe behind, which lengthens in front into ends, crossing, and forming no end behind with long ends; later in the season, this style will be pretty in velvet over taffetas dresses.

Fact and Fiction.

TRUE HISTORY OF LAFITTE, THE "PIRATE."

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS DELTA.

Many thrilling romances have been written, and much bad poetry perpetrated, upon the life and adventures—the piratical and bloody deeds—the hair-breadth escapes and marvellous exploits of Lafitte, the famed pirate of the Gulf, who succeeded our illustrious friend Sancho Panza, as Governor of Barataria. Ingraham, Lippard, and some half a dozen other spawners of startling narratives, have tried their hands at Lafitte, and in due course of time, we may expect that the eternal James will catch him in his wide spread net, cast for heroes and bloody incidents.

It is very repulsive to our feelings to be compelled, by a sense of duty as stern historians, to dissipate much of this romance. It afflicts us to the soul to give up a delusion a romance, which has nourished our youthful fancy, and solaced many an hour of idleness. It is like waking from a pleasant dream, or shaking off the pleasing influence of chloroform. It imposes upon us a duty as repulsive as that of the great historian of Rome, Niebuhr, who so ruthlessly attacked all the pleasing traditions about Romulus and Remus, the sucking wolf, and the rape of the Sabines, and proved that they were mere allegories—not like the stories of Sinbad the Sailor, of Baron Munchausen, of Captain Riley, and Counsellor S—— positive, substantial facts.

But the truth of history must be vindicated, as Colonel Benton once remarked, in commencing a speech which his opponents said was an elaborate compound of no-such-things. And so we must, though it snap the heart strings of our fancy, and throw into pi our earliest traditions, avenge the truth of history, of many foul wrongs it has received at the hands of the novelists and false writers, by telling some sober and discouraging truths of Lafitte, the bloody pirate of the Gulf. * * *

"Sir, repeat that again," we eagerly remarked to a venerable French gentleman, in whose pleasant little skiff we were quietly tacking across Pascagoula Bay, not many days ago.

"Did I understand you to say, that you were intimate with Lafitte, the pirate, the celebrated buccaneer, that bloody pirate of the Gulf, the terror of whose name spread from sea to sea, until, with his long, low, black schooner, that outsailed the wind, he became such an object of dread that mothers silenced their children by whispering his awful name?"

We were out of breath with excitement and curiosity, as we finished this comprehensive interrogatory, and turned to the smiling, good natured face of the elderly Frenchman.

"Yes," he commenced, with torturing slowness and deliberation, "I knew the man that land-lubbers have written such wild stories about, though I should never recognize him in your description. He was nothing of that sort."

"Was he not a pirate?" we exclaimed, with biting skepticism and defiance.

"No thing of the sort."

"Nor a freebooter, a buccaneer, a skimmer of the seas, with a flag of cross-bones, and a long, low, black rakish vessel?"

"Nothing of that sort."

"Well, sir, you astound me. Perhaps you will not deny that he ever sailed a ship or cut a throat?"

"Most emphatically I do deny that he ever did both."

"That he was not a sailor any more than a pirate?"

"He was neither."

At this we broke out into a laugh, and complimented our venerable friend upon his skill in running a circular upon landlubbers. The elderly gentleman rather dignifiedly remarked, that he didn't joke upon serious matters; and as Lafitte was an old friend and acquaintance of his, he should take no such liberties with his history.

"Old friend of Lafitte's!" we said to ourselves. "Here's a pretty mess we have got into." Out in a little shell of a vessel, ten or twelve miles from shore, with a particular friend of one who, we are assured by the veracious Ingraham and a dozen others, was the bloodiest villain that ever skimmed the seas. We involuntarily raised our umbrella, the only convenient weapon at hand, to repel any effort Lafitte's friend might make to punish our impertinent inquiries into the mysterious life of the pirate.

At last, the mild countenance of our companion dispelling all apprehensions of violence, we feebly, and with a perceptible softening of our voice and manner, remarked:

"Then, my venerable friend, if Lafitte was not a pirate, a freebooter, a skimmer of the seas, what in the name of Heaven was he?"

"A blacksmith!" he promptly replied.

"A blacksmith!" Oh, son of Jupiter! Oh, husband of the lovely Venus! Oh, Professor Ingraham! Oh, George Lippard!!

"A blacksmith, sir; it is incredible, impossible. How could he sail a vessel if he was a blacksmith?"

"He never did sail a vessel, and couldn't do it any more than you." We had been within an inch a few moments before, of capsizing our vessel in a very short administration of the helm of State.

"Lafitte," our companion continued gravely and deliberately, "was born in Bordeaux and served his time at the blacksmith's trade. He came to this country when quite a young man, and kept a little shop for some time on the Levee. Here he remained for several years, making an honest living at his trade, when, one day, he was persuaded by some Spaniards on the levee—some of whom are now living in your city, in wealth and respectability—to go into the smuggling trade. He went into partnership with the owner of a vessel trading between New Orleans and the West India Islands. He remained in the city to dispose of the goods smuggled, whilst his partner managed the ship. Meeting with great success, he employed several other vessels, and taking advantage of the confusion incident to the situation of Louisiana, in its transfer from Spain to France, and from France to the United States, he located himself at Barataria, a bay opening into the Gulf of Mexico, where his vessels unloaded, and their cargoes were sent up in small boats and pirogues, through the bayous and canals, to the Mississippi, and were taken across the river in boats, disguised as those of planters. The articles thus smuggled were disposed of by numerous agents, and handsome profits were made upon them. After a while, the attention of the government being attracted to his operations, a naval force, under the command of Captain Patterson, was sent down to break them up. Lafitte and his men made out to escape, but all their property was confiscated, their houses burned to the ground, and not a vestige now remains of the establishment. Thus drove out to sea, Lafitte's men took to their vessels, and were dogging about the islands in the Gulf, when the English invading force arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi. Proposals were then submitted to Lafitte, to allow him a handsome annuity and an honorable position in the English navy, if he would pilot the British force up to the city, or inform them of the most practicable route for reaching the city. Lafitte immediately wrote to Governor Claiborne of the proposal, and begged to be permitted to fight under the flag of the United States. The Governor submitted his petition to General Jackson, who freely granted his pardon, and gave them an honorable position in the lines on the 8th of January, when, in charge of the 18 pounders, they did effective service.

"This is briefly the history of Lafitte. He has been much vilified and traduced. The criminality of his smuggling consisted in its being more open than much of the smuggling now carried on in your city."

Our companion then proceeded to relate many interesting incidents in Lafitte's life, some of which we will endeavor to lay before our readers in future numbers of our paper. He concluded his narrative by describing Lafitte's personal appearance. "He was a tall rather raw-boned man, of lively black eye, pleasing face, sallow complexion, and good address. There was nothing of the pirate or freebooter about him. His nature was kind and benevolent, and his heart was in the right place."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 10, 14, 12, 17, is a county in New York.
My 2, 14, 20, 13, 2, 17, 3, 15, is a county in Michigan.
My 3, 6, 19, 12, 22, is a county in Missouri.
My 4, 14, 15, 3, 11, 13, 5, 2, 19, 21, 10, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 5, 6, 14, 3, 11, is a county in North Carolina.
My 6, 2, 22, 7, 2, 21, 12, 5, 15, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 7, 20, 18, 2, 5, 11, 10, 15, is a county in Missouri.
My 8, 21, 21, 22, 12, 19, 11, is a county in Michigan.
My 9, 10, 21, 21, 11, 6, 13, 13, is a county in Kentucky.
My 10, 15, 17, 2, 17, 18, is a county in Michigan.
My 11, 22, 21, 6, 14, 11, is a county in Kentucky.
My 12, 5, 21, 21, 5, 13, 10, 15, is a county in Illinois.
My 13, 5, 11, 22, 23, is a county in Missouri.
My 14, 2, 10, 3, is a county in Kentucky.
My 15, 20, 6, 1, 14, 7, 5, is a county in Mississippi.
My 16, 10, 21, 17, 11, is a county in Texas.
My 17, 21, 5, 2, 22, 8, is a county in Florida.
My 18, 21, 10, 15, 13, 3, 11, is a county in Indiana.
My 19, 13, 2, 22, 11, 6, is a county in Ohio.
My 20, 11, 10, 3, 15, is a county in Illinois.
My 21, 14, 23, 10, 6, 8, is a county in Iowa.
My 22, 6, 13, 10, 21, 11, is a county in Kentucky.
My 23, 5, 21, 21, 8, 7, 20, 6, 2, 17, is a county in Mississippi.
My whole is the name of a distinguished historian.
Jeffersonville, Va. J. O. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 11, 9, 3, 1, is a town in Texas.
My 2, 5, 6, 7, 3, 15, 2, is a country in Europe.
My 3, 12, 13, 15, 17, 10, 19, is a county in Virginia.
My 4, 2, 9, 2, 11, 6, is a town in France.
My 5, 18, 2, 19, are mountains in Europe.
My 6, 5, 18, 9, 7, is a city in Hindoostan.
My 7, 18, 5, 9, 19, 14, 13, 17, is a town in France.
My 8, 10, 13, 7, 17, 3, is a county in New York.
My 9, 2, 3, 15, 6, 13, 2, is a town in Turkey.
My 10, 5, 9, 17, 2, is a river in Sweden.
My 11, 6, 10, 2, is a Scottish island.
My 12, 13, 5, 3, 15, is a river in Chinese Tartary.
My 13, 19, 5, 2, 7, 2, is a mountain in South America.
My 14, 18, 19, 11, is a county in New Hampshire.
My 15, 13, 17, 19, is a lake in the north of Italy.
My 16, 13, 3, 8, 15, 19, 2, is a celebrated island in the south of Europe.
My 17, 2, 13, 7, 17, 3, is an island of Oceanica.
My 18, 19, 13, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 19, 18, 1, 5, 6, is an island in the Persian Gulf.
My whole is a distinguished ancient Roman Orator.
A. S. L.

CHARADE.

He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains.
He said, though Love was kin to grief,
She was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe.
But still the lady shook her head,
As any lady may,
And vowed my whole was all he said,
And all that he could say.

He said my first—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapor faint and far,
Through the unfathomed sky—
Was like the smile, whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed;
Yet oh! it was not half so bright;
It changed not half so fast.
But still the lady shook her head,
As any lady may,
And vowed my whole was all he said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;
And said his life blood's purple flow
My second there should dim,
If she he loved and cherished so
Would shed one tear for him.
But still the lady shook her head,
As any lady may,
And vowed my whole was all he said,
And all that he could say.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Suppose A, alone can do a piece of work in 108 days, but with the help of B and C he could do it in 20 days. C being able to perform five-sevenths part of it. What part of it could D perform, so that all of them could do it 11 times in 216 days? X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a gentleman about entering into matrimony with a Miss Martin, like a horse that is being equipped for riding?
Ans.—Because he is going to be Martin-galed.

☞ When does a note turn to water?
Ans.—When it becomes *due* (dew).

☞ When do ships hurt the wind?
Ans.—When sailing in its eye.

☞ Why is a witty saying like an elder bush?
Ans.—Because it is pithy.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
Argentine Republic.

CHARADE—Avarice.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.
1st. 69,157,060,461,500,36 feet.
2d. A's stock was $1,925 15
B's " " 670 95 X.

Civil Liberty.—Milton, whose political reflections are as distinguished for his wisdom as his poetry is for its great imaginative power, speaking of true liberty, says: "This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievances ever should arise in the commonwealth, that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for."

Agricultural.

RAIN-WATER CISTERNS.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Mr. Editor:—I read some editorial remarks in a late number of your paper, respecting the use of cistern for watering cattle; the idea was a new one to me. The facts which you state, if correct, will, I think, be of great service to some farmers. Many barns are so located, that well-water cannot be obtained for the yard without great expense. If a cistern will answer the same purpose as a well, I think there are many that would like to know it. I find that some are incredulous on the subject, thinking that rain-water will not keep a great length of time sufficiently pure and sweet for cattle to drink. I should like to have the subject fully discussed. What are the best materials for constructing a cistern? How far is it necessary to sink it below the surface of the earth? Would it answer to build one above the surface, and cover it with earth, so as to draw off the water by a faucet, and thus save the labor of pumping? How large a cistern would be necessary for watering ten or twelve head of cattle through the winter? What would be the expense, &c.? Please inform on these points.

ANSWER.

On the subject of rain-water cisterns, we have had much experience, having constructed three, and resided in a house for several years, where no other water than from a cistern was to be obtained, and in the first three instances we are borne out in our assertion, that for every purpose, water thus obtained and preserved, is superior to every other.

The first cistern we constructed was for a chemical manufactory, the main building being 100 feet long, the water from the roof of which was received in a cistern 20 feet long, by 18 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, it being impossible to penetrate through the primitive rock to a depth sufficient to obtain the necessary daily supply of water. There was always an abundance, with no single instance of want, even for a day, of water bright as silver, and pure as crystal, cool and pleasant. This cistern was an oblong square, with walls nine inches brick, plastered internally with Roman Cement, having a man-hole in the arch by which to cleanse it when requisite, but which, in the three years we were in possession, was by no means necessary. The second cistern was constructed at our private dwelling, was a square of eight feet, and six feet deep, nine inches brick-work, and cemented inside. The third, was at a private residence, also, smaller, and of an oval form, four inch brick-work, and well cemented inside; while the fourth was round, six feet in diameter, and ten feet deep. In the three first named instances, no want of the purest water was ever experienced in the driest season; but in that last named, this was not the case, three families depending upon it for their whole supply, while the water, flowing in on the surface, and not being conducted by a pipe to the bottom of the cistern inside, was sometimes impure, and not fit to drink in dry, hot seasons; all owing, however, to mismanagement, for which we were not accountable.

Our correspondent, Agricola, inquires, if it would answer to build one above the surface, covering it with earth, so as to draw the water off by a faucet, and thus save the labor of pumping; and he might have added of digging—but as this was not our object, we encountered the cost, and debited the concern with it, which it amply repaid. A neighbor examined the structure, complained of the cost of erection, and built according to the plan inquired of by our correspondent, but whether it was that the same desire of saving expense was carried into the materials, or that the internal pressure was too great, it never could be kept water tight, and was at length removed. No one ought to construct a cistern for the retention of water and preserving it pure, without determining to go to the whole expense of performing the labor at any cost; making up his mind to save in some other way, if necessary, even in the articles of "meat, drink, and clothing." There appears to be a sort of purification going on in the cistern, perhaps through fermentation, when the next rain that falls, clears all away by floating off the surface by the waste pipe, and the water becomes bright and spiritous. Owing to this spontaneous purification, as it might be termed, the Thames water, at first scarcely drinkable, and after a given time quite so, becomes so pure, that after a voyage round the world, it has been found so pure and crystal-bright as, *as has been said*, to take fire from the bung-hole of the cask! At any rate, after many years of experience we are free to confess, we consider no water so pure and palatable as cistern water, properly preserved.

Among our numerous readers, there are those who could state the expense attending the erection of such cisterns as those above described, *and we go for no other*; while much depends on the dimensions of the roof, and the facility for spouting it; in the inquiry regarding the requisite supply, remembering always that it is best to secure more than a bare sufficiency in ordinary seasons. In neither case was the water served to stock; but we have no idea that such would be refused by them. It must also be observed, in every instance it was received from slated or tinned roofs and no doubt, therefore, more palatable than that running from old and rotten shingles.

DAM, THE BEST.

Mr. Editor:—It is now pretty generally conceded that in rearing stock, much more depends on the value of the female than was once imagined—indeed, it has often been considered as quite immaterial of what race or blood was the dam, provided the sire was in all respects what might be desired—that such is not the fact, hear the sentiments of a breeder of the horse on this subject:

"There are two rocks on which the farmer often strikes in the breeding of horses; he pays little attention to the mare, and less to the proper nourishment of the foal. It may be laid down as a maxim in breeding, however general may be the prejudices against it, that the value of the foal depends a great deal more on the dam than on the sire. The Arabs are convinced of this, for no price will buy from them a likely mare of the highest blood; and they trace back the pedigree of their horses, not through the *sire*, but the *dam*: and the Greeks, long before the Arab horses were known, held the same opinion.

"'What chance of winning have I?' inquired a youth, whose horse was about to start on the Olympic course.

"'Ask the dam of your horse,' was the reply, founded on experience.

"The farmer, however, too frequently thinks that any mare will do to breed from, for if he can find a great prancing stallion, with a high-sounding name *and loaded with fat*, he reckons on obtaining a valuable colt, and if he fail, he attributes the fault to the horse, and not to his own want of judgment—far more depends on the mare than is dreamt of in his philosophy."—*Boston Cultivator.*

Fattening Cattle on Hay.—Grass which is cut while it is in blossom, and carefully made, will fatten stock nearly as well in a dry, as in a green state. Some of the best farmers in the Western part of Vermont, are particular in making their hay for this purpose. Mr. Bowdish, of Weybridge, whose stock is well known for its good qualities and fine condition, informed us that he found no difficulty in making his cattle thrive on hay. His oxen and steers are fed liberally on the best of hay through the Winter. With careful driving, they perform the farm labor in Spring without loss of flesh, and being turned on sweet pastures, at the proper time, they get in high order for early beef for the Boston market, and always command a good price.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Shrunk Wheat for Seed.—It has been found that badly shrunken wheat will vegetate, and answer for seed, though it may not come up quite as strong at first; hence farmers living in neighborhoods where a good article of seed cannot be obtained, need not fear to sow that which is damaged. It should be first brined and limed, (as we have often advised,) and if very badly shrunken it would be well to test its vegetating power by sowing a little in a box of earth, or placing it between two rods and keeping it moist, for a week or two, before sowing time. If many of the grains seem to fail, it may be advisable to increase the quantity of seed per acre.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

The Wheat Harvest.—Accounts from central New York, respecting the wheat crop, are less favorable than was anticipated; from Wisconsin, also, the reports are very unfavorable; and portions of Michigan and Illinois are said to be found deficient on harvesting.

These accounts would somewhat modify our statement in the last Cultivator in regard to the aggregate surplus, and the probable effect on prices. Our friend of the Cincinnati Gazette may call this "*croaking*" if he pleases, but the farmers will appreciate our efforts to give them the facts as fast and as far as we can learn them.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Cotswold Sheep.—The recent letter of Colonel Ware of Virginia, concerning his Cotswold sheep, is creating already a good deal of inquiry about the fleece and carcass qualities of this animal. Among those who have been applied to for information, are some of the heavy wool-growers of Washington county, Pennsylvania. One of these has replied through the *Washington Reporter*. This gentleman, in 1845, for the purpose of experimenting, bought a thorough bred Cotswold buck, and thirty native ewes of only ordinary quality. From these he has since been breeding, permitting no other cross. He has attained nothing like the success of Col. Ware, either as to size of carcass or weight of fleece, but is nevertheless well satisfied with the success of his experiments. He says the progeny of this breed are very large, well formed, and heavily coated. They are hardier than the Saxony sheep. His have had no shelter, and though they are more hungry feeders than the Saxon, they are content with rougher fodder food. They are more prolific than the fine stock, often dropping twins. And with reference to their flesh, he testifies that the butchers very readily pay him for lambs three months old, the average of the price he receives for three years old weathers of the Merino stock. Upon this point he further says: "Were I living in the neighborhood of a large market, where mutton was a fashionable article of diet—*as it ought to be everywhere*—I would go largely into this description of sheep. The wool from his Cotswold cross is very long, and admirably adapted for blankets, worsted goods, &c. He clips as high as 8½ lbs. to the fleece."

The Olio.

Paying Cash for a Sermon.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* relates the following anecdote which occurred at Saratoga Springs, in a church:

Rev. Mr. Locke had just finished his first head, when a man near the door rose and walked down the aisle directly in front of the pulpit, then deliberately and politely handed up in front a bank note to the reverend speaker, who quietly received it, and went on with his discourse. "Who? What? Why?" asked excited curiosity in the minds of the puzzled audience. Quite a number, and among them ladies not a few, lingered after the benediction, to obtain a solution of the mystery. It seemed that the man was the son of the late Judge ——, a generous fellow, but accustomed to look too much "on the wine when red." He was heard to say to his friends near, "I like that man's preaching; it's worth the cash down; I don't believe he'll half get paid for it; so here goes a picture for him." Whereupon he rose, and with a "brick in his hat" and a bill in his hand, he made his way through the wondering congregation to the speaker, cashed over, and quietly returned to his seat.

Change.—A lady was accustomed to transport her family every summer to the country for change of air, and never without obtaining the desired benefit. The inhabitants of a certain village, however, were far from enjoying robust health themselves, and she expressed to the local doctor her surprise at the pale faces and languid looks she so frequently met in her peregrinations.

"The air here," she said, "is so exhilarating, that one would think there is no cause for the kind of exhaustion that seems to prevail among so many of the natives. Why should we derive more advantage from it than they, and carry back to our smoky town a health they do not find?"

"Alas, madam," replied the doctor, "if these poor people could return your visit, and spend every year a certain time in smoky towns, there would be fewer pale faces and languid looks in our village! The benefit you derive is not so much from the quality of the air, which you see clearly enough is not of the nature of a specific; it is from the change of air."

True Manhood.—The following anecdote was told by a Senator of Berne, Switzerland. Two neighboring farmers had a dispute respecting the right to some adjoining property, which they could not compromise, and an action was brought to determine it. On the day appointed for the trial, one of the farmers, having dressed himself in his best clothes, called upon his opponent to accompany him to the judge. Finding his neighbor at work on his ground, he said to him, "Is it possible you can have forgotten that our cause is to be decided to-day?" "No," said the other, "I have not forgotten it; but I cannot well spare the time to go. I knew you would be there, and I am sure you are an honest man, and will say nothing unfairly and justice will be done." And so it proved, for the farmer who went to the judge stated his neighbor's claims so clearly, that the cause was decided against himself; and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the property.

Cost of Prison Accommodation.—The sums hitherto expended on prison buildings have in some cases been enormous. The cost is seldom less than £100 to £150 per prisoner (a sum sufficient for building two or three neat cottages, each able to contain a whole family); and in some instances it has been much more. A portion only (the newest) of the County Prison at York, capable of accommodating only 160 prisoners, cost £200,000, which is more than £1,200 per prisoner—enough, if it had been devoted, to build for each prisoner a separate mansion with stable and coach-house.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison Inspectors.*

An English Custom.—On the election of a bailiff at Kidderminster, the inhabitants assembled in the principal streets to throw cabbage stalks at each other. The town house bell gives a signal for the affray. This is called lawless hour. This done (or it lasts an hour) the bailiff elect and the corporation in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes (or they have no waits) visit the old and new bailiff, constables, &c., &c., attended by the mob.—In the meantime, the most respectable families in the neighborhood are invited to meet and fling apples at them on their entrance.—*Calendar of Curiosities.*

Advertisements.

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,
and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in either male or female;

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity, and will also produce *disease of the Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*, and lays the body open to an attack of the *Cholera, Bilious, or Yellow Fever*, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, *Consumption*.

OPINIONS OF THE PHILADA. PRESS.

The Dispatch, December 31st says:—AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.—We have frequently heard the Celebrated German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Hoofland, spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know deservedly so. It is a too common practice, in certain quarters, to puff all manner of trash, but in the case of the above Bitters, hundreds are living witnesses of their great moral and physical worth.—As a medicine for the Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating diseases, when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debilitated, but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances to the most delicate stomach. Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most perfect safety. It would be well for those who are much affected in the nervous system, to commence with one tea spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and are, of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide, have united in recommending the German Bitters, and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

It is from one of our first druggists—the proprietor of the "Medicated Worm Syrup."

Philadelphia, Nov. 22d, 1848.

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters, having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System. I can say conscientiously, that they are the best articles of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the commendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market is flooded. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.,

J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.

Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Preparation before the public? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the most obstinate costiveness, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient, being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

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No. 278 Race Street, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by John F. Long, Lancaster.—D. W. Gross, Harrisburg.—Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg.—Jno. Bittner & Co., Reading.—J. H. Eustace & Son, Richmond, Va., M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va., Haviland, Harral & Co., Charleston, Seabright & Mott, Columbia, Anderson & Bartodale, Laurens, C. H., S. C., W. Haines, Augusta, Geo., and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States. my26-1y

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